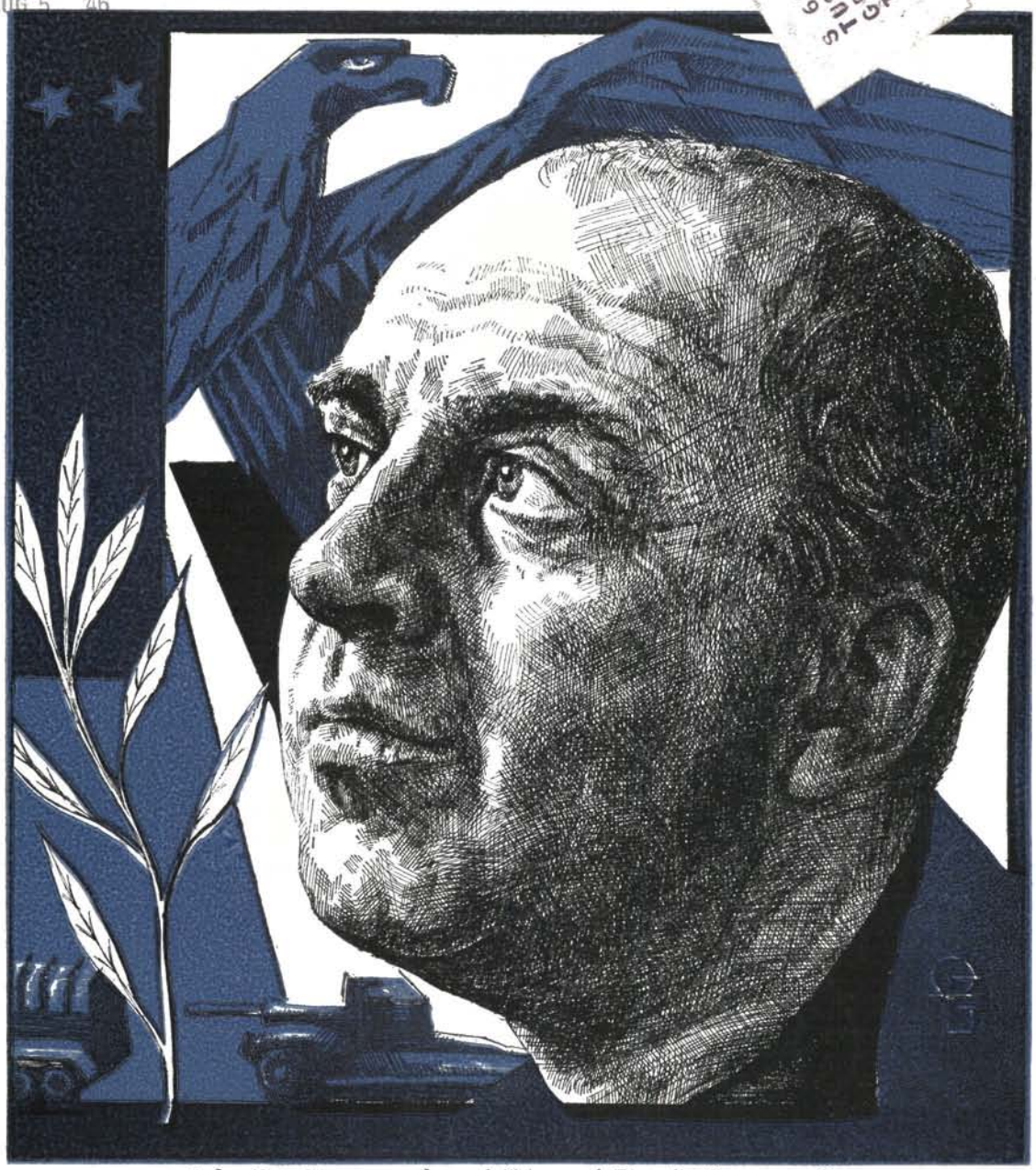
The Saturday Review of Literature

VOLUME XXIX NO. 31 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3 FIFTEEN CENTS

AUG 5 '46

LIBRARY
COLLEGE
STATE
GENEVIEVE
GOLDEN GATE



John Dos Passos, author of "Tour of Duty." (See page 6)

Back to "Normal" in Britain

By VERA BRITTAIN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A conservative revolution...

SINCE 1938 it has been increasingly hard for a student—or a professor—to say that "Ode to a Nightingale" is about "Keats' love of beauty"; or that "Trees" is a "simple poem of religious worship"; or that Donne is "incomprehensible". Because in 1938 Henry Holt and Company published a textbook which might be called the manifesto for a quiet and scholarly revolution. It was UNDERSTANDING POETRY, by Cleanth Brooks, Jr. and Robert Penn Warren, and it opened the way to an entirely new approach to the teaching of English poetry. Like most revolutions this one met resistance, but once it was accomplished it seemed very conservative indeed. For a good revolution is always a return to the simple and fundamental.

The obvious need for a new approach to the teaching of English poetry in American colleges was the spark which set it off, and by 1940 it was well under way. At a great Eastern university, where the same Freshman English course—the usual Carlyle and Ruskin, Browning and Tennyson—had been taught since the middle nineties, a group of young instructors organized a rebellion. They had no objection to the "great Victorians", but they felt with good reason that the old guard in the English profession, whose tastes had been formed at the end of the century, were perpetuating the taste of forty years ago. It was very much as if Pound and Eliot, Toynbee and Wyndham Lewis, had got into the Freshman course and could not be expected to be dislodged until about 1970.

These young teachers had a still more telling argument. Students had been lectured *at* about poetry so much that they could not read it. The merely historical approach had been accompanied by—if it had not actually caused—a decline in the art of reading poetry. This decline, alas, was not only visible in the students; it had affected the older professors as well. They confessed, many of them, that they could not teach the close reading of poetry. They could not, in fact, teach poetry according to the methods set forth in this most remarkable poetry textbook of our generation.

In their *Letter to the Teacher*, with which the book opens, Brooks and Warren explain what they want to do and what they absolutely will not do. Their main point is that there is no substitute for the poem itself and that poetry, far from being an isolated and eccentric thing, springs from the most fundamental interests which human beings have. They will *not* substitute a paraphrase of the poem's content or a quantity of biographical and historical information for the poem itself; neither will they put forth a merely inspirational or didactic interpretation. To them, the poem is the thing.

Aside from being a text for the person who really wants to understand poetry, the book is also an anthology of much great English literature from Shakespeare to Auden. Divided into seven sections, the authors have arranged a great number of poems in a scale of increasing difficulty. In each section, comprising anywhere from fifteen to fifty poems, they present a group which have various qualities in common, beginning each section with a comprehensive foreword in which they discuss the particular qualities which stand out in the group to be discussed. Then the reader is on his own with the poem itself. But still not completely alone, since in each group a few random poems are completely analyzed by the authors. By following the same general procedure, anyone who really wants to find out about poetry for himself can do it—not by rote, but by his own inductive reasoning. UNDERSTANDING POETRY is a forceful way of teaching the adult, and heaven forbid that the adult be limited to the college student, how to appreciate the qualities of a poem by himself.

In 1940 the Brooks and Warren revolution was not complete; but the victory won by the young professors at the Eastern university was the beginning. Now it is a definite reality. One proof of the reality of this revolution is its influence on the authors of other textbooks. There are three other very good texts for the close reading of poetry now on the market. They are, of course, competing with UNDERSTANDING POETRY, but Henry Holt and Company honestly welcomes the competition. It proves, for one thing, that the revolution was not a fad but a necessity. None of the three could have been written without the pioneer work of Brooks and Warren.

And so—even though this is a textbook—we believe it has a logical place in this series of ads. A good revolution always will be worth a page of critical comment.

Understanding Poetry

By CLEANTH BROOKS, Jr. and ROBERT PENN WARREN
$1.60

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Back to "Normal" in Britain

VERA BRITTAIN

HE WOULD be a rash prophet who would venture, at this stage of the world's history, to predict the long-range effects of World War II and its predecessor upon English literature. The most comprehensive books about World War I —the books whose authors waited until they could see the period in at least a short perspective, and whose work is therefore more likely to endure than books written during the conflict itself—were published mainly between 1925 and 1935. This period saw such well-remembered titles as R. C. Sherriff's "Journey's End," Robert Graves's "Goodbye to All That," and Charles Morgan's "The Fountain." A few outstanding studies —such as the later volumes of Siegfried Sassoon's memoirs—have appeared even more recently.

It seems probable that the books which present World War II in the same kind of perspective will begin to appear about 1950. Ten years from now we shall doubtless be reading the autobiographies of fighter pilots who will describe for us not only their aerial battles, but the permanent effects of those battles upon the authors' psychology. By then we shall know which rising dramatists are skating with the sparkling cynicism of a Noel Coward over the calamities of their day and which novelists have turned, with the consistent devotion of an Aldous Huxley, to espouse the cause of pacifism.

But a period so cataclysmic and revolutionary as the past thirty years cannot be justly or finally estimated by those whose lives have coincided with it. The best they can do is to provide, by their novels, biographies, poems, and plays, the historian of the future with his raw material. Probably at least half a century will have to elapse before some literary giant is able to portray and interpret the World Wars of 1914 to 1945 as Tolstoy portrayed and interpreted the Napoleonic Wars in "War and Peace."

Within less than twelve months after the close of World War II, it is possible only to give the more practical and material effects of the past six years on British books and authors. But material factors, as I shall show, have their cultural consequences. One of the chief of these has been to restrict the normally heterogeneous character of Britain's literary output, and hence to limit, for more than half a decade, the freedom of English books to find their own level both within the coasts of Britain and in the international sphere.

The first blow aimed at English literature came from the threatened imposition, early in the war, of a purchase tax on books at the same time as it was levied upon the great majority of "luxury" articles. This calamitous proposition on the part of wartime officialdom was successfully resisted by a combination of publishers and booksellers under the spirited leadership of Sir Stanley Unwin and Mr. Geoffrey Faber, who proved the most doughty champions of English literature and British writers throughout the whole period of war.

Less easy to resist, because more insidious in its effects, has been the growing dictatorship of paper—though the same two publishers, supported by many public-spirited authors and especially by the members of the London P.E.N. Club, constantly challenged, in letters to *The Times* and other press organs, the meagre allocation of paper for books by the Ministry of Supply. I regret that the Atlantic, by separating me from the files in my London study, prevents me from quoting exact figures, but I believe I am correct in saying that the War Office alone had a larger allocation of paper for its publications and stationery than the publishing trade for books. The paper ration permitted to dailies and weeklies for newsprint was greatly in excess of that given to English literature, and was based on their circulations in 1939.

Other factors which gradually re-

Robert Graves is one of those who "waited until they could see World War I in at least a short perspective."

During the war years ". . . paper could always be found for the numerous publications of J. B. Priestley."

Monica Dickens, "assisted by the name of her illustrious ancestor," is one of few "young writers who made wartime reputations."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duced the output of books were the shortage of strawboard for binding, and the calling-up into the forces of skilled workers from the book trade, especially printers and binders. These shortages, combined with the overall paper famine, had certain outstanding effects.

In the first place, a long time-lag developed between the delivery of an author's manuscript and the publication of his book. By 1943, authors were being warned that they should allow for a lapse of at least twelve months, and in practice the period was often longer. This inevitable delay has cut out altogether the topical book; the writer, in preparing his material, has had constantly to remember that it must not appear out-of-date eighteen months later. Thus the publication of immediate reactions to some great event by those who took part—one of the historian's most interesting sources of material—has been limited to the more ephemeral form of newspaper articles or of broadcasts.

A SECOND and still more serious consequence has been the tendency of British publishers to allocate their restricted paper supply only to those authors whose sales are certain, and thus to eliminate from their lists the young, unknown, or experimental author. While paper could always be found for the numerous publications of J. B. Priestley or for Rebecca West (even when she launched a monumental history of Jugoslavia), young Edward Brown of Islington, or brilliant but unknown Mary Jones of Bangor, was likely to spend the war years filling an empty bottom drawer with promising manuscripts. This liability of the established author not only to become still more firmly established, but to cut out all possible rivals, has been disadvantageous both to the beginner and to literature itself. If it were not that Britain has a few established authors, beginning with their doyen George Bernard Shaw, who are permanently sensitive to revolutionary ideas, the tendency of English literature to become conservative would be even more marked than it is. The fact remains that the young British writers who made wartime reputations—such as Richard Hillary, the airman author whose masterpiece, "The Last Enemy," was produced between the first crash which maimed and the second crash which killed him, and Monica Dickens, whose reputation has been assisted by the name of her illustrious ancestor—could probably be counted on the fingers of two hands.

Thirdly, the paper scarcity has exercised an inevitable pressure upon

This Week

Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien Garfield

Article

PAGE

BACK TO "NORMAL" IN BRITAIN
By Vera Brittain..... 5

Reviews

TOUR OF DUTY
By John Dos Passos
Reviewed by Jonathan Daniels..... 6

HERCULE AND THE GODS
By Pierre Audemars
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts..... 7

WRITERS AND WRITING
By Robert van Gelder
Reviewed by Henrietta Hardman.... 8

AN AMERICAN YEAR
By Hal Borland
Reviewed by Henry Christman..... 9

ON THE EDGE OF THE EVENING
By Cornelius Weygandt
Reviewed by Leonard Bacon.....10

THIRTY-ONE POEMS
By Rainer Maria Rilke
Reviewed by Babette Deutsch.....11

Esquire's 1946 JAZZ BOOK
Edited by Paul Eduard Miller

DUKE ELLINGTON
By Barry Ulanov
Reviewed by Heywood Hale Broun...13

HOMECOMING
By Joseph Wechsberg
Reviewed by Robert Pick.....14

A HISTORY OF MEDICINE
By Douglas Guthrie, M.D.
Reviewed by Edward H. Hume, M.D...15

YOUNG MAN WITH A DREAM
By Kenneth Reddin
Reviewed by Grace Frank..... 19

RHUBARB
By H. Allen Smith
Reviewed by Merle Miller.....19

MISS RANSKILL COMES HOME
By Barbara Bower
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay...26

Departments

LITERARY I.Q..... 8

STRICTLY PERSONAL
By J. Frank Dobie.....12

EDITORIAL 16

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.....18

TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf.....20

LISTENING
By Albert N. Williams.....22

LITERARY CRYPT.....30

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.....30

THE NEW RECORDINGS
By Edward Tatnall Canby.....31

THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét.....32

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 645.....35

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXIX, No. 31, August 3, 1946. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1946, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

New England Office
176 Federal Street, Boston 10, Mass.
Midwestern Office
814 North Tower Court, Chicago 11, Ill.
Pacific Coast Offices
235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco 4, Calif.
411 West Fifth Street, Los Angeles 14, Calif.

British authors to write short books. Novelists and biographers skilled in the presentation of detailed, colorful descriptions of scenes and situations have had perforce to develop a more impressionistic and economical style. Printing and binding, also standardized to meet the demands of national economy, have caused these books to appear even shorter than they are. The gain in weight has been offset by a sad decline in appearance and durability.

A FOURTH deplorable result, which still persists, has been the virtual ban on translations of eminent foreign authors. Only last autumn, after a visit to Scandinavia, I tried in vain to interest a number of leading London publishers in the work of the Swedish writer Elin Wägner, the distinguished biographer of Selma Lagerlöf, and the only woman member of the Swedish Academy. In each case I was assured that the waiting list of out-of-print British books was too long for the publisher to consider issuing foreign translations for several years. It is unnecessary to emphasize the growing poverty of international literature as books and authors worthy of an international status continue to be deprived of it by this trend towards literary nationalism.

Most publishers have found it impossible to keep their longer publications in print, even when these are established classics. "War and Peace" may be the outstanding example of a great war novel, but it would be difficult to find one second-hand copy in a London bookshop today. Even in such standard editions of the classics as "Everyman's Library," published by Dent, about one-third of the titles are now out of print. A few long modern books which have proved to be continuous best-sellers, such as Winifred Holtby's "South Riding," have been reset by their publishers in smaller type on thinner paper. The attractive appearance of this particular book has been carefully preserved by Messrs. Collins Sons, its publishers, but in too many cases resetting has reduced a dignified-looking book to the semblance of one of the poorer penny dreadfuls.

One especial sufferer from the conditions which have gradually banished from the market not only long books, but those publications of which the sale, though sure, is normally slow, has been the elderly author. For the writer who has reached the age at which new publications are improbable, or whose inspiration has failed, the royalty on past publications normally provides a permanent small pension on which to live. The paper shortage has caused many such pensions to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cease, involving poverty and hardship for the very type of author who is least able to adapt himself to a cataclysmic age. Yet another victim is the reviewer who could once count on his weekly two or three guineas a column. The cutting down of nearly all newspapers to two sheets, and the corresponding reduction in the size of magazines, has left few whole columns available for literary criticism. Too often a "review" consists of a four-inch paragraph on the bottom half of an inside page in which ten or twelve titles are dismissed in thirty lines.

But paper, despite its autocracy, has not been the only factor responsible for the ever-decreasing total of British books. A main cause has been the air raids, in which too often books suffered a harder fate than the military objectives to which they were sacrificed. Again I am not in a position to give exact figures, but to say that three million books perished in the London City fire raid of December 29, 1940 would be a conservative estimate. Among the many famous buildings destroyed in that bombardment were the publishers' warehouses surrounding St. Paul's. The hard-pressed fire-service was obliged to neglect these commercial structures for the sake of saving the Cathedral itself. A novel of my own, "Honorable Estate," which had recently been issued in a cheap edition, was one of the many hundreds of titles wiped off publishers' lists that night. Its length, coupled with the fact that, as fiction, it was not an "essential" work, has up to date prevented its republication. No compensation has ever been offered to authors for the loss of the royalties that would have accrued on such books. "War damage" could be claimed throughout the war on bricks and mortar, but not by the writer on literary property.

Many thousands of other books disappeared in the great raids on Plymouth, which destroyed the public library, and in the devastating raid on Coventry, where amongst many irreplaceable treasures the manuscript of "The Mill on the Floss" was burned to ashes. Smaller raids involving many libraries were responsible for a widespread toll, including that of the bomb which fell on the London Library during the "Little Blitz" of February and March 1944.

THE greater demand for books has also caused a more rapid turnover, which in itself has meant for every book a shorter expectation of life. One of the main activities of all wartime librarians has been that of arranging for books to be rebound before the complete collapse of their covers left their soiled and tattered pages at the mercy of less careful readers. The growth of reading has been one of the few constructive consequences of the war, though much exasperation has been caused to everyone concerned in the book trade by its increase at the very time when supplies were failing. For a short period the demand for every kind of book led to a tremendous impetus in the business of second-hand booksellers, but today it is almost as difficult to find a good book second-hand as to buy it new.

—*Dry Point by Grainger Smith.*

The Black Bear, Tewkesbury.

The increasing demand was not difficult to explain. It was partly the result of the blackout, which made an evening away from home a hazardous expedition, to be undertaken only for a pressing reason, and of the raids, which among city-dwellers led to a preference to face bombs in their own shelters or reinforced basements. The purchase-tax on other articles, as Messrs. Faber and Unwin so wisely perceived, made books greatly in demand as gifts, especially at Christmas. There was finally the psychological fact that a shortage of any commodity always increases the urge to possess it.

The scarcity of books and of paper has had some odd consequences for the individual author, not the least of these being a profound change in the relationship between author and publisher. It is now the publisher, rather than the public, who decides how many editions an author is to have, the dates at which these are to be issued, and the size of each. By such decisions the publisher, in effect, controls the author's income, at any rate in relation to the sales of a particular book. The author can only increase his income by writing books of different types and taking them, if his contract permits, to several different publishers. The only disadvantage for the publisher has been the sacrifice of an exclusive right to the work of his better authors, whom he can hardly insist on monopolizing when he can only offer them a paper allocation proportionate to the number and quality of the names on his total list.

Relatively unknown authors have usually been limited to one or two moderate-sized editions; these have nearly always sold out, but the publisher, determined to make every ream of paper count, has been unwilling to risk further editions lest anything be left on his hands. In the case of better-known authors, whose books under present conditions can be counted on to sell out quickly, the tendency has been to economize costs by printing one very large first edition, rather than several smaller issues.

My own latest novel, "Account Rendered," provided one example of the typical consequences. The publisher printed a first edition of 50,000 copies, and the whole printing, in August 1945, sold out before publication. This spectacular sale argued no special merit in the book itself; any new novel by an author known to British readers tends to be seized upon with similar enthusiasm by libraries and bookshops unable to meet the demands of a fiction-hungry public. But financially the result was somewhat peculiar. Having always fixed my advance on royalties at the amount of the pre-publication subscription sales, I found myself entitled in one day to the earnings on a book which I had intermittently worked upon for nearly four years. With income tax then at ten

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shillings in the pound and supertax beginning at a relatively low income level, the disadvantages of such a lump sum tended to outweigh its advantages—except, of course, for the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. In the long run a British author earns a far better income if a sale of 50,000 is spread quietly over three or four years.

These abnormal conditions carry still further disadvantages for many authors. With demand so far in excess of supply, it has usually been unnecessary for the publisher to accompany a new book with more than a bare minimum of advertising. Unheralded and unreviewed, except in short paragraphs with several other titles, it has been liable to creep out like a thief in the night, or at best to flash across the literary sky like a meteor doomed to instantaneous extinction. In either case, it makes little impression upon the public, and still less on those uncrowned rulers of literature whose decrees ultimately decide what niche in the corridors of a nation's history the individual writer is to occupy.

Within the next two or three years, this dictatorship of wartime conditions (apart from the emphasis on exports) is likely to lose its abnormal authority. The allocation of paper for books has already been increased since the ending of the war, and is likely to increase still further as communications are restored and more shipping available. With the process of demobilization, skilled workers are also gradually returning to the hard-pressed book trade.

Although, with the restoration of peacetime conditions, the readers of books will acquire other interests and the dramatic wartime sales of many authors will decline, no writer or publisher who cares for the standing of English letters in international literature will feel any sentiment but profound thankfulness when the status and sales of books are once more decided by merit, combined with the infinite variety of public taste.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 644)

CHESTERTON: *COMMERCIAL CANDOR*

.....O marvellous brain!
.....O pep!.....O!
Shall I spend three-and-sixpence
to purchase the book, Which we all
can pick up on the the bookstall
and look? . . . It may appear
strange, but I think I shall not,
For the back of the cover will tell
you the plot.

The American War Procession

TOUR OF DUTY. By John Dos Passos. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1946. 335 *pp.* $3.

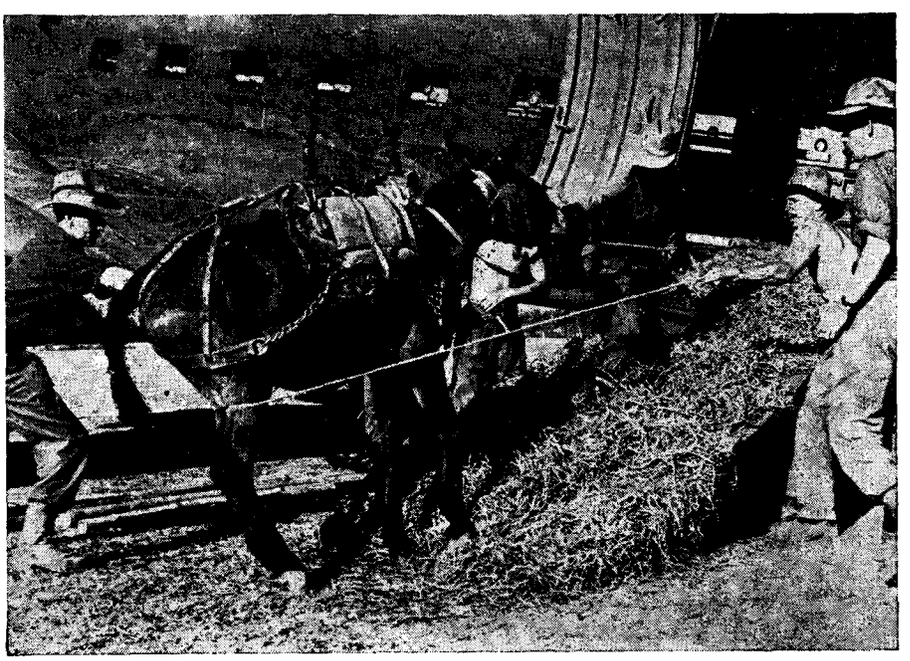
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

A GOOD many Americans who fought in the First World War joined up a second time in the second greater one. Some newspapermen reported action in both wars. But John Dos Passos, who wrote one of the first sharply perceptive novels about the meaning of war when he was young, has done better than repeat himself after World War II. This time he has written a strong, beautiful, mature book about war which can be both evil and magnificent and about peace which can be not only stupid and brutal, but blind.

Mr. Dos Passos's new book is almost ostentatiously modest in its title and design. Undoubtedly his book is the record of the "tour of duty" of a middle-aged man of letters, traveling in correspondent's uniform across the Pacific as a vigorous America lunged toward victory and about Europe as the same Americans made an obvious mess of their putterings with the peace. But Mr. Dos Passos's book is a sum more significant than all the flights, voyages, or train trips he made, more important even than his vivid descriptions of any of the places he visited or any of the people he chanced to see.

It seems certain that his tour must have been shaped by the same sort of plans and chances which patterned the travels of other correspondents who went out to report the war. He went like other men to see the fleet and the planes fighting in the Pacific. He was lucky for the purpose of his dramatic writing to arrive in Manila (by airplane accident) as its delivery began and as its people told in the freshness of first telling the tragic experiences which made them heroes or neurotics. He was late in arrival in Europe. Most of the things he saw there had been seen and could have been told. Indeed, he went nowhere that other correspondents had not been before him. Yet his report seems not merely one man's diary but a whole vivid and penetrating picture of the human meaning of the war.

It is a very personal book. Also at its beginning it seems just a little bit too literary, as if the established artist had gone out to describe in fine phrases all the cumulus formations and green atolls the other correspondents had neglected in their hurry to get battle news. And sometimes there is such feature story material in it as almost any correspondent might have sent back by mail. But the book moves and grows, and suddenly almost it begins to become in strength and wisdom a story of the clean strength of American fighting men, the almost capricious malignancy of Japanese occupations, the durability, the courage, and the gaiety of simple native peoples and some American civilians, on the islands, and finally a tragic story of American ineptitude in Europe in dealing with people they



John Dos Passos's "book moves and grows, and become[s] in strength and wisdom a story of the clean strength of American fighting men, the malignancy of Japanese occupations, the courage of native peoples . . . and of American ineptitude in Europe. . ."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had conquered and in using powers they had seized.

Undoubtedly some may label this another anti-Russian book. Some unpleasant Russians—as other peoples—are among its multitude of characters. There is certainly a strong anti-communist passage in it in which "a man of fifty" (who must be Dos Passos himself) talks with a young reporter for *The Stars and Stripes* on a bridge across the Seine. There is a suggestion that the reporter in many ways is like the man of fifty was after the other war. The young reporter speaks up for communism and the older man bitterly rejects it. The Soviet Union, which had been a dream after the last war, seems to him a reality now and not a pretty one. The slave of the state is the slave still. And the irony, he thinks, is that young men are losing faith in liberty just at the moment when the world needs it most—and, as Mr. Dos Passos says: "The only cure for fascism is liberty."

The tragedy of Europe and the threat to peace seem to Dos Passos, however, not to lie in any totalitarian Russian danger but in the spectacle, side by side, of a hard communism regardless of liberty and an American democracy which is aimless and uncertain even in the basic decencies in dealing with a conquered people on a prostrate continent.

There did not seem to me to be a really doctrinaire or a political sentence in Mr. Dos Passos's book. Even his faith in democracy seemed less a political philosophy than a feeling for the dignity of people of all kinds everywhere. The horror in his book is the brutal stupidity which can sometimes mutilate the conquerors as much as the conquered. Indeed, the war itself (not excepting even the worst details uncovered in the delivery of Manila) never seems in this book so terrifying as the abortion of the peace. It is a long way from the clean beauty of the fleet striking at Iwo Jima to the woman-glutted American boys on the French train to the homeward bound ship.

The American procession certainly does not improve as the tour of duty proceeds. But with sensitiveness and skill Mr. Dos Passos has somehow lifted a mirror in which we can see the whole image of the great adventure of our country in our times. In essence it is all there for our pride, and also for our sickness over what we have already done with the victory we sacrificed so much to secure. The result is no mere war book, but an important book about the American character and the American spirit—the power and the glory, the lapse and the loss of faith in our purposes and in ourselves.

A Lively Gallic Story

HERCULE AND THE GODS. By Pierre Audemars. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1946. 302 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

SOMEBODY else ought to write publishers' blurbs. No, I don't know who does write them, or who should; but it ought to be somebody else. Take, for example, this wonderful, lively, Gallic story—the best example of disarming gasconade since Daudet gave us "Tartarin"—what does the blurb say? "A picaresque novel written by a young Englishman." Fortunately (for after reading two pages I knew that no Englishman, except by some miracle, could be the author) the publishers sent a typed sheet about Pierre Audemars. His parents were Swiss citizens who settled in London, where Pierre was born, but the Audemars family was descended from French Huguenots who had left France for Switzerland, presumably in the days of Louis XIV. Pierre Audemars, then, is not English; he is a Swiss born in London, and in writing, feeling, sense he is a French author. Even his quiet indelicacies are delicate; and, when Hercule dreams, his dreams are firm on the soil. In short "Hercule and the Gods" is an astonishing tribute to the persistence of a great national tradition in a man who has presumably not been in close contact with the land of his ancestors.

Yet here is a novel of Paris, of French railways, of rogues in high places (there's an echo of the Stavitsky scandal), of Parisian apaches, of thieves and forgers which is as French as a novel of Simenon's.

Hercule is a wheel-tapper employed by one of the French railway companies. He has been an engineer and loses that position by a brilliant piece of reckless driving. The narrator, who wins Hercule's confidence by admiring his technique, soon disappears from the book, and the hearty, superficially tough, gasconading railwayman tells the story of his adventures with apaches, crooks, government officials, the Minister of Sanitation and his lovely sister and, chief rogue in the history, the financier Gruber.

The period is just after the last war, the years of disillusion, of feverish gaiety, of desperate pretense years when, more in France than anywhere perhaps, the pace of living bore small resemblance to the deep rhythm of life. The years when the dance of death was jazzed. Hercule is a representative of the little men, the men who are puzzled, angry because their rulers are either inept or dishonest or both. He is radical, but not revolutionary; he is reckless, not because he is hopeless, but because he sees little chance that his hopes will come true. Early in life Hercule has somehow fallen in with the sinister Jou-Jou the Rat. He is not in his power, but Jou-Jou is an expert knife-thrower, and acquaintances who do not oblige him find themselves lying in the gutter with a knife in the back. He never asks Hercule to do anything obviously illegal or immoral; though Hercule guesses pretty well that any scheme of Jou-Jou's stinks pretty badly. So he sets his wits against Jou-Jou's, suffers some minor defeats, has his victories, and, with the aid of a distant cousin, a fellow of great resource and no scruples, keeps Jou-Jou in the dark.

Mr. Audemars's great gift is for telling an improbable story with a grave humor and, where needed, a proper seriousness that carry conviction. There is no one in the book who is a mere type—the author does not use much depth in his coloring, but his writing is as effective as a colored drawing, deft, beautifully arranged, and of bold linework. The larger unlikenesses in the tale are pardonable since Hercule is himself telling it—and Hercule is an artist who watches his own performances with a master's approbation. (Is it because cooking is a basic French art that a French artist's self-approbation is always critical? You can't pretend that a dropped soufflé has stood up.)

The only note of sentiment in the book is so poignant and so truthful that only so is it made bearable. The figure of little Tiki, Cousin Henri's stooge, could so easily have been maudlin, the whole episode mere sob-stuff, that Mr. Audemars's restraint and economic handling are a triumph. And "the gods" of the title? It is they who save Hercule from grave disaster but leave him, as a rule, stripped of his last sou. But Hercule survives and, I understand, has already told other adventures in his life. May they soon be published!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Writers and the "Line of Purpose"

WRITERS AND WRITING. By Robert van Gelder. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 331 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRIETTA HARDMAN

WHEN a literature that had developed as gloriously as America's did during the twenties and thirties seems to deteriorate into reprints and mysteries, like America's in the forties, readers sigh for the vanished splendor and gloomily prophesy tomorrow's dearth. Yet this is not the first time American authors have withdrawn to consolidate their powers that they might acquire the attitudes "a man needs to hold himself together through a long career as a creative writer."

Robert Frost has said, "Like giants we are always hurling experience ahead of us to pave the future with against the day when we may want to strike a line of purpose across it for somewhere."

In literature, as in politics, we are now uncertain of the "line of purpose" we want and of the somewhere toward which we are going. But we are "hurling experience ahead of us," and we do have giants among our writers. This is the first, perhaps the main, deduction to be made from Robert van Gelder's "Writers and Writing." The 1940's are not a sterile decade; they are a fallow period, the maturing after which may be a literature far greater than any we have known.

In 1940, Stefan Zweig told Mr. van Gelder of having to abandon "my favorite book in which I had been working for twenty years, a large and really the first comprehensive biography of the great genius Balzac" because of the war. Mr. Zweig's publishers have announced that "Balzac" will be published this autumn.

A collection of Mr. van Gelder's interviews with famous and popular authors during the past five years, "Writers and Writing" is as nearly a literary history of the 1940's as we have. Although by no means exhaustive or irrefutable, it surveys the retiring, maturing, and beginning writers of our day in all fields, revealing our strength and potentialities.

From the comments of these people, faithfully recorded in colorful colloquialisms, we are reminded of the basic materials of true literature.

"A serious writer struggles for a way of seeing life, for a perspective, for making a greater conquest of experience, of human beings," said James T. Farrell, indicating a "somewhere" toward which we are building.

"You can't think humanity out in a study. If you do, you'll understand people only as they ought to exist—but not as they do exist," added Eric Knight.

From his eminence, W. Somerset Maugham reveals another angle. "The four greatest novelists who ever lived —Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, Dickens, and Balzac—saw deeply into people, and they saw people the right way; they were the right men in their handling of people. That is why they are great."

But did Dickens like people?

"I think it is unimportant whether he liked people or not. What is important is to understand them."

A writer must live deeply and write about what he knows, because, as William Allen White reported of Meredith, "All his experience, all his knowledge and ability and feeling concentrated at his fingertips when he wrote." James Warner Bellah understood the same thing when, after repeated futile efforts, he "wrote a yarn based on the fear I had as an aviator with the Royal Air Force during the last war. It wasn't plotted, it wasn't trick—it was fear translated into words. It sold."

Moreover, successful authors agree that they must write to please themselves, not an editor, not a public, and that only their very best pleases them.

These conversational interviews, that catch so naturally the personalities and often the idiosyncracies of the authors, reveal writers as courageous folk who work in solitude, overcoming by will power the inertia that attacks them all, guided by a vision of their purpose, and sustained by a supreme self-confidence. These are the strong, fascinating people who will create from life and the successful experiments of the past quarter century America's next period of literary vitality.

—*Pix, Inc.*

That "we do have giants among our writers is perhaps the main deduction from Robert van Gelder's book."

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

WHOM DID THEY LOVE?

Each of the 50 fictional characters listed below was in love with another character. Can you name the object of his (or her) affection? Allowing two points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 26.

1. Alessandro
2. Martin Arrowsmith
3. William Bagot
4. Ben Battle
5. Willie Baxter
6. Adam Bede
7. Laura Bell
8. Elizabeth Bennet
9. Matt Burke
10. Candide
11. Sydney Carton
12. Richard Carvel
13. Godfrey Cass
14. Edwin Clayhanger
15. Josephine Corcoran
16. Ichabod Crane
17. Rosa Dartle
18. Arthur Dimmesdale
19. William Dobbin
20. Armand Duval
21. Escamillo
22. Jane Eyre
23. Irene Forsyte
24. Ethan Frome
25. Jean Gaussin
26. John Halifax
27. Charles Hamilton
28. Jessica
29. Tom Jones
30. Anna Karenina
31. Gabriel Lajeunesse
32. Sir Lancelot
33. Lochinvar
34. Eugene Marchbanks
35. Romeo Montague
36. Terence Mulvaney
37. Nanki-Poo
38. Porphyro
39. Violet Powler
40. Mary Rafferty
41. Philip Ray
42. John Ridd
43. Amber St. Clare
44. Amelia Sedley
45. Mabel Stanley
46. William Thornhill
47. Troilus
48. John Watson
49. Peter Wimsey
50. Maggie Wylie

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Country Things

AN AMERICAN YEAR: Country Life and Landscapes Through the Seasons. By Hal Borland. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 200 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY CHRISTMAN

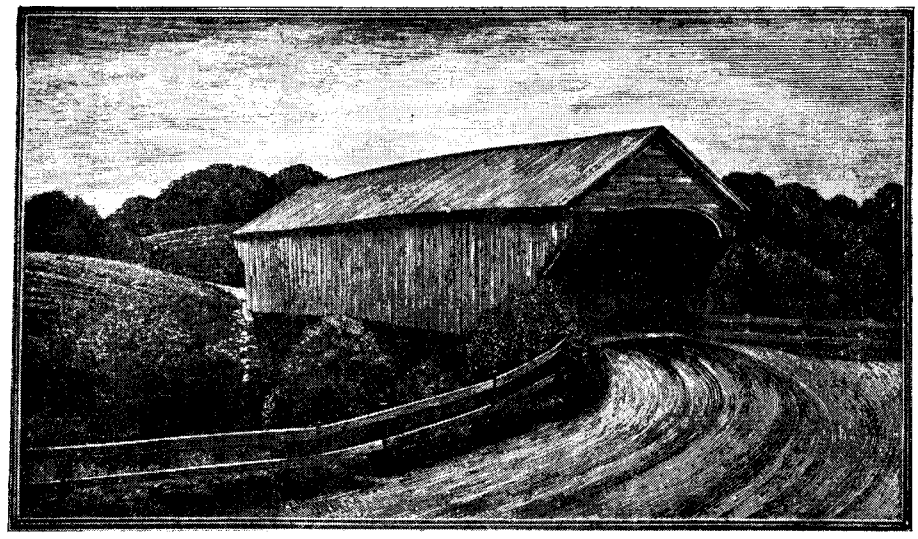
HAL BORLAND has written a delightful book. He divides it into twelve chapters, one for each month. His year is the countryman's year and begins with the spring equinox—"an equinox is a matter of celestial mechanics, but spring is a tide that rises in the human heart. . . . The season when we are most aware of our beginnings." His year has some of the quality of Thoreau's.

"An American Year" is more than charming nature writing. It blends description, experience, folklore, and fact to catch the real earthy quality of rural America. After reading a moving and sensitive description of the opening of buds in spring, you are likely to be told that "the way to plant a garden is on your knees." Or you may be asked to consider the wheelbarrow whose "humble wheel marked out the path of whatever civilization we still have." In midsummer you come upon a war between red and black ants:

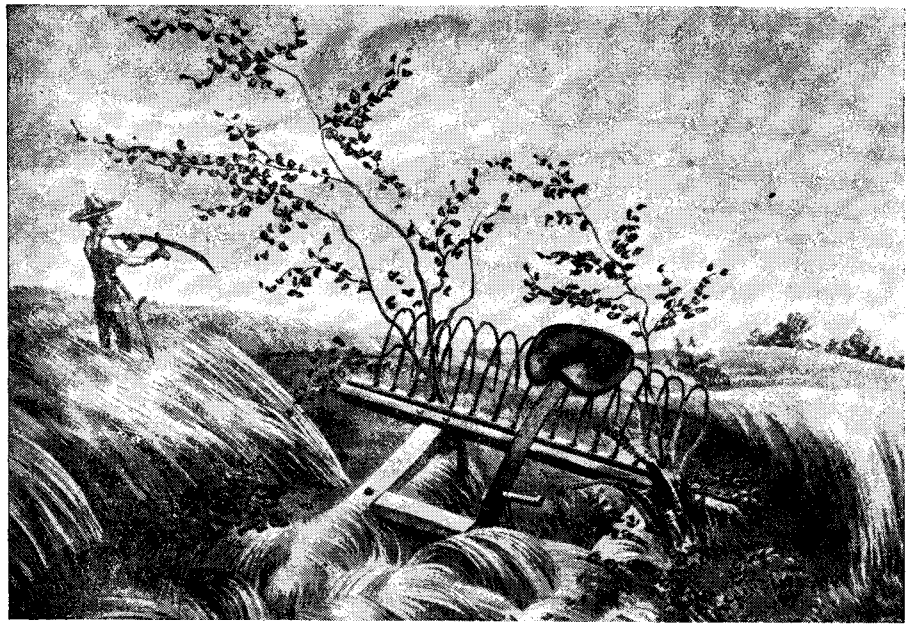
> There was such a mass of ants that one had to concentrate on a small area to see the action in any detail. . . . Mandibles were the weapons, and maimed combatants littered the ground or ran in frantic circles. . . . But the outnumbered blacks seemed to leave as many red victims as they received casualties, and it became clear to my superior judgment that the whole war was being waged on something like the totalitarian theory—engage the enemy with overwhelming numbers, hold his armies in combat, and send in your looters to strip his land, enslave his youth, and decimate his future armies.

Mr. Borland is not over-sentimental about his country year. He is not an escapist. He simply feels that nothing can compare with the completeness of living that comes to one whose life has roots in the soil. He does a very good job of proving it. And he admits that it is not always an easy life; not the life that so many city-dwellers see through longing eyes.

The book's beauty and charm is greatly enhanced by 50 illustrations—etchings, woodcuts, lithographs by leading American artists—that fit nicely into the mood and tempo of the essays. If ever a book was written from the heart it is this one. It is a book to be read and cherished; not because it is great, but because it has the enduring qualities of country things.



Covered Bridge, by Asa Cheffetz.



Old Man Towne Bought a New Scythe, by Josh S. De Martelly.

—*From the book.*

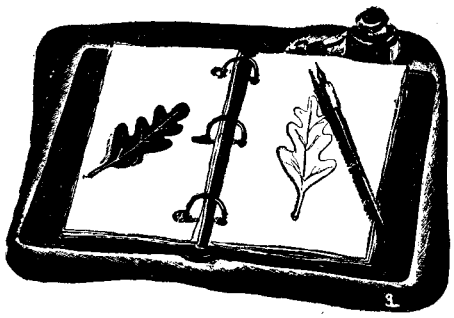
Winter Twilight, by J. J. Lankes.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Middleman of Letters

ON THE EDGE OF THE EVENING. By Cornelius Weygandt. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 207 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON



PROFESSOR WEYGANDT is by no means the least of that royal regiment of English professors who were at perihelion in the first decade of this century, and whose glory has not been greatly dimmed in more perplexing times. Men as various in their interests and points of view as it was possible to be, sometimes idiosyncratic to the point of eccentricity, they nevertheless had one thing in common—the art of causing matters often of a difficult nature to be understanded of the people. And the country perhaps is insufficiently aware of the debt it owes to Corson of Cornell, to Burton of Minnesota, to Copeland of Harvard, to Phelps of Yale, to Gayley of California, and, we may add without hesitation, to Weygandt of Pennsylvania. Envious colleagues, learned or otherwise, not infrequently undervalued their talents (nothing is more offensive to men who cannot compel the crowd than men who can) and hinted that it was all done with mirrors, which, if true, suggests that the Federal Government should have subsidized the manufacture of looking-glasses at the time. This republic, whatever its limitations, is a lot nearer to being housebroken at this moment because of the activities of these men and a dozen more it would be easy to name. And the reviewer, for one, wishes that more of their kind were looming on the horizon. They would be welcome as the aircraft carriers at Midway.

Professor Weygandt hasn't written what is called "a formal autobiography," thank God! But his account of his tastes and interests, of his Pennsylvania Dutch background (he thinks foul scorn of pedants who talk about "Pennsylvania Germans"), of Philadelphia fifty years ago, of his college days, of his experiences as a reporter, of his teaching career, and of the proper study of mankind in Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Ireland, is full of light and color. He is among other things a besotted naturalist who can get as excited about a Bohemian waxwing as about Yeats and his poetry. And in either connection he can tell a hawk from a handsaw. What he has to say about teaching will excite and suggest, though he really can't tell how he did it any more than Froebel could.

What he is proudest of perhaps is that he "middlemanned" a number of great writers from his lecture platform. It is something to have been among the first to speak up bravely for Yeats and Synge and Conrad and Masefield. And he takes particular satisfaction in having been an avant-courier for Robert Frost, a prophet no longer without honor and his familiar friend. He has done yeoman service in interpreting such men to their times, the times being such as to require interpreters. But though his accounts of noble poets are full of fire, interest, and humor, for my money the most exciting places in his book have to do with ornithology and the arts, crafts, manners, and customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch, who in their own way are tolerably interesting birds. Professor Weygandt is attractively lyrical in such connections, and his passion is real and unforced. A heron over a New Hampshire pasture, a fine piece of Pennsylvania "red ware" on his lowboy tickle an enthusiastic fancy whose natural force has never been abated. And whether on a bird in the bush or a good specimen of local ceramics in the hand, he will be read with pleasure and sympathy by persons so unfortunate as to have no special leaning toward such matters. And the reviewer at this point desires to pay Professor Weygandt a compliment at once concrete and superb. It is his full intention to purchase, if his means will extend so far, Witmer Stone's "Birds of Cape May," on the strength of an enthusiastic and noble tribute to an ornithologist "in the great tradition of Gilbert White, Alfred Newton, and W. H. Hudson."

There are of course passages that do not come off, and once or twice Professor Weygandt drifts into irrelevance, though "at his most tangential" (and he can be tangential after the manner of the great school to which he belongs) he generally comes up with an anecdote or an observation which makes the aberration worth while. No doubt his book will have special meaning for the fifteen thousand who at one time or another sat at his feet during his forty-odd years at the University of Pennsylvania. But quite conceivably it will have charm for persons who know nothing about that institution and are not troubled by their ignorance. The author's intelligence and humorous idiosyncrasy are likely to prove attractive outside his own parish.

Less Than Meets the Eye

THE WEATHER FOR A HOBBY. By Raymond Yates. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1946. 172 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
EDWARD TATNALL CANBY

THE world of the man with a hobby is certainly one of rugged individualism. Not that hobbyists don't have standards—often they are as high as those of any professional group. But there is something about the very uselessness of a hobby from the practical point of view that justifies almost anything a man may do and write about it, by the simple enthusiasm he shows. If enthusiasm is catching, the hobby exists with perfect authenticity, no matter what sins of omission or distortion may be involved.

Thus the only criticism that is valid in reviewing this book is the simple one of a highly misleading title. The reader will find himself blundering into the wrong hobby (and how utterly meaningless is someone else's hobby!). This is for the gadgeteers who like to manufacture intricate home-made electrical devices that do the work of the simplest five-and-ten-cent store dinguses, and probably not quite as well. The book presents the weather as a fine excuse to make a whole series of elaborate meteorological instruments—remote control thermometers, barometers that use mineral oil, electrical weather vanes that use distributors, and gasoline gauges from ancient automobiles, not to mention gramme rings and wheatstone bridges and what not.

All of which has its place, no doubt. The present reviewer, however, makes the weather his hobby. The nearest chimney offers an excellent weather vane, and the daily weather map gives twenty times the information on the weather that Mr. Yates's instruments do. The sketchy sections devoted to the weather itself in the book are, as might be expected, mere lip service to the title, and, aside from being inadequate, are often inaccurate or ambiguous.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Example

THIRTY-ONE POEMS. By Rainer Maria Rilke. English version with an Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 1946. 47 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BABETTE DEUTSCH

IN his introduction to this little book, the translator declares that "all the American translators have hitherto proceeded on . . . the notion . . . that a poem is something that the poet might also have 'said' in prose." If this were true, all American translations of Rilke would be quite as bad as Mr. Lewisohn makes them out to be, but he has either not read them all or has chosen to damn the lot of them that his own may shine more holily. He not only condemns his predecessors, some of whom have come much closer to the originals in feeling and form than he has, but he makes the mistake of pointing out what he believes to be his own triumphs. Thus he gives both the original and his own version of the opening lines of the poem that he mistitles "Autumn," declaring that "the heavy tread of the dying summer is in the rhythm," but failing to note that he has done violence to that rhythm, substituting for the three weighted monosyllables of "Der Sommer war sehr gross" the fluent iambs of "So great was summer's glow," and introducing the utterly foreign notion of "glow" into a line that celebrates not the radiance of the season but its fullness.

There is evidence in the introduction that Mr. Lewisohn appreciates what the aims of the translator should be. There is little evidence in the pages that follow that he is capable of realizing those aims and less that he is temperamentally suited to carrying over into English verse the graces and profundities of Rilke's poems. Even Mr. Lewisohn's prose generally moves in a sumptuous if somewhat oppressive purple, and he seems not to understand the inappropriateness of such garments when presenting Rilke. As a result, the firm and simple German sometimes falls into a Swinburnian swoon or surrenders to *fin de siècle* lilies and languors. Thus the straightforward statement, "Befiehl den letzten Früchten voll zu sein" is rendered: "Bid the last fruits their ichor to complete,", where the forced inversion and the exotic "ichor" combine to destroy the beautiful directness of the original. And again, a phrase that should be rendered "a past year" becomes in Mr. Lewisohn's restless hands "a perished period's passion."

Rainer Maria Rilke's "book is . . . a testament to the pitfalls open to those who translate a great poet."

He not merely elaborates the original, he does not hesitate to alter the meaning more radically. In "The Seer" he turns the angel who appeared to the Old Testament wrestler, as Rilke carefully specifies into

> . . . that angel who contended
> with warriors in old histories—

a somewhat ambiguous figure to say the least. The years "ohne Kampf und Kraft" are transformed into years "devoid of glow or good." The cloisters that are like drapery about what Rilke wisely calls "unlived lives" are for Mr. Lewisohn a cloak that grows "about unwilling stillness"! In his version of one of the "Sonnets to Orpheus" he changes the entire meaning of a line by italicizing the wrong word after having omitted the very word that the poet italicized. His most striking innovations occur in the poem called "The Lute" where Tullia's womb becomes "her love core" and in an untitled poem from "The Book of Hours," where God is beseeched to exalt a Messiah who shall bring men the gift of Death. In the original, where sex is proudly and delicately celebrated, with no suggestion of hermaphroditism, God is asked to build a beautiful womb for the life of the Chosen One. Mr. Lewisohn renders this: "Give *him* a womb as wondrous as his fate," with blithe disregard of the phallic symbolism that follows.

One or two of the "sonnets to Orpheus" are happily turned and the outward shape of the originals is faithfully adhered to, but the book is rather a testament to the pitfalls open to those who translate a great poet than an example of what such translations should be.

Native and Natural

NO RAIN FROM THESE CLOUDS (POEMS, 1927-1945). By Kenneth Porter. New York: John Day Co., Inc. 1946. 145 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

KENNETH PORTER'S first volume, "The High Plains," was an interesting and sometimes exciting volume. It was integrated and imaginative; it was original without being freakish, buoyant without being blatant. There was protest in it, and an inner strength which promised not only toughness but serenity.

The spirit of Porter's first book permeates his second, and it would be pleasant to say that it has grown in vitality. But this would be substituting a wish for a truth. The strength is still here, but it is dissipated over too great a range; his style —alter it though he does—scarcely keeps up with his subjects. The first two sections are by far the best. Porter is at home in his native Kansas and his adopted New England; he writes graphically and ingeniously about crows over cedars, deer in aspen, the tide running through the wheat, a mole crossing the highway, a girl skating, miners going to work, and snow in April. It is when he extends his gamut to variations on folk ballads, songs of the Seminole Negroes, Latvian peasant songs, celebrations of the People's Front in Spain, travel sketches in Mexico, an Alabama mother's lullaby which is a poor imitation of Stephen Vincent Benét, and sundry sketches of Ireland, that he seems to lose both his focus and the reader. Even in his craftsmanlike poems he tends to rely on a somewhat shopworn diction and a set of references which have been dulled ever since the time of Bulfinch. A girl on Sunday is seen not only as a "white slim-steepled church," but as Minerva accompanied by Diana's hounds; she is also a Valkyrie as well as "Hermes' swift daughter."

When Porter keeps his eye firmly on the object, his mind is most alert. Only a completely apathetic reader would fail to be stirred by the gusto of "Running in Snow," the vivid hostility of "Omen," the metropolitan fantasy of "Jungle Flowers," and the whimsical bravado of "The Old Coon-Dog Dreams." A volume which contains such natural—and native—creativeness is no negligible collection.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strictly Personal

LAST OF THE MEN ON HORSEBACK

I SAW Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Show but once. It was in Chicago in 1909. According to history, the famous show was then in a state of dissolution, but for me it was as bright and fresh as the morning star at the break of dawn on a spring day. I was sick of the crowded hog-butcher city and full of longing for the horses, the space, the cattle on the grass, and the mysteries in the brush down on my boyhood ranch home in Texas against the Mexican border.

Buffalo Bill was then sixty-three years old. Dressed in bleached buckskin and wearing his famous white goatee matched by the wide gray scout's hat of the plains, he came riding out into the arena on his magnificent white horse. He rode as commandingly straight as a Wellington or a Sheridan, and as flexibly in harmony with his steed as a Comanche warrior. When he lifted high his hat in salute to the massed bleachers, allowing a better view of his long gray hair, the crowds broke into wild and prolonged cheers. For me the air was filled with electricity. I cannot recall all the pageantry. I remember the attack with shrill yells by mounted Indians on a wagon train of immigrants, the bandit holdup of the Deadwood stage-coach, the cowboy riding of pitching horses. Equestrian movement, energy, color, and the sounds of shooting and yelling were constant. The clock struck twelve every minute, and every scene of every act was a climax.

For me personally the climax was a band of Mexican vaqueros, the gauchos of the border country—my own country—riding hell for leather on their dun, grulla, bay, and other colored cow ponies. I was sitting not far from the front of the bleachers. I jumped up, ran down the steps, and, standing at the railing as the vaqueros swept by, yelled "Que hay, amigos!" to them. "Amigo!" two or three of them yelled back, giving the stranger a rapid glance, and "my heart was gallivanting a thousand miles away."

Buffalo Bill Cody, christened William Frederick Cody, was born on a farm in Iowa, February 26, 1846—a hundred years ago. His father seems to have been a better stage-driver than farmer. He moved the family to the Kansas frontier and, dying there in 1857, left young William, aged eleven, to take his place as bread-winner. William's first job was as "cavvy boy," taking care of the caviyard, or horses, of an outfit freighting across the plains. The following winter he went to his first and only school, learning to write his name and read "I see a cat." During the next few years he followed the Colorado gold rush, rode as pony expressman, setting a record for speed, joined the Kansas Jayhawkers of Civil War fame, and served as scout with Union cavalry against the Kiowa and Comanche Indians.

It was as supplier of buffalo meat to constructors of the westward-pushing Kansas Pacific Railroad that the lad won the nickname by which the world was to know and remember him. In one season, it is claimed, he shot 4862 buffaloes, killing 69 of them in a single day. In the seventies he served as chief of scouts in the war against the Sioux Indians, and in a hand-to-hand encounter killed the noted Cheyenne chief Yellow Hand. His fame on the frontiers led "Ned Buntline" to glorify him in a dime novel, "Scouts of the Plains," which was soon staged with Buffalo Bill himself acting the part of the hero.

HIS career was fixed. Early in the eighties, while there was still free land in the West for land-hungry settlers and the great herds of Texas long-horned cattle were still trailing northward, clear to the plains of Alberta, over a sea of grass unfurrowed and unfenced, Buffalo Bill began assembling the Wild West show that was to exhibit the most picturesque features of this West long after its wildness had vanished. For the show he enlisted mountain Indian braves who had only a short time before been his mortal enemies, but who henceforth counted him as their protecting friend. He gathered a troop of cowboys expert at riding and roping. He procured one of the genuine old Deadwood stage-coaches that had carried mail, passengers, and gold, and the driver of this coach knew what it was to be held up by bandits.

His show was immensely popular and for a while he made money that he invested in ranch lands in Nebraska and Wyoming. The town of Cody, Wyoming, was named for him, and here he established a kind of school for graduating boys in "the arts of manhood." He toured not only all the cities of America but shipped his show to England and from there to the Continent. With high Victorian society Buffalo Bill's horsemanship became as popular as Lord Byron's limp had been in the early part of the century. His show was eminently respectable, and nothing about it was more respectable than Annie Oakley.

Buffalo Bill "rode as commandingly straight as a Wellington or a Sheridan, as inflexibly in harmony with his steed as a Comanche."

For seventeen years she and her rifle made one of its chief features. At thirty paces she could with a bullet clip in two a playing card held edgewise towards her; another feat was to shoot off the lighted end of a cigarette held in her husband's lips. She charmed Queen Victoria, and at the exhibition in Berlin the Crown Prince of Germany, infamous later as Kaiser Wilhelm II, insisted on having the cigarette shot from his own lips. Annie Oakley had been an orphan, and in her years of prosperity she supported eighteen orphan girls; her favorite reading was the New Testament. She was a symbol of the domestic virtues that the popular mind ascribed to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

In the decline of his career Buffalo Bill combined his show with Pawnee Bill's Far East Show, though there was little of the Far East in it besides the name. Rocky days came, and when word reached the children over the United States that their hero was bankrupt, by the tens of thousands they contributed pennies and nickles to rescue him from poverty. The Wild West Show, however, had run its course. Hollywood was already pushing Buffalo Bill aside. He died January 10, 1917. His body was buried in a vault blasted out of solid rock on the top of Lookout Mountain, twenty miles from Denver, Colorado.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Buffalo Bill Cody Museum at this spot is visited by legions of people annually.

Buffalo Bill wrote and had written for him his life in flamboyant forms. It is not in books, however, that he lives on. He lives as the embodiment of the West that was "wild and woolly and full of fleas and never been curried below the knees." He lives on as the sculptured epitome of the scouting tradition made famous by such men as Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, who, however, would have felt utterly out of place on the stage or in the arena. He lives on as the last popularization of the Man on Horseback.

He may have been more gaudy than grand; he was not tawdry, for he represented a reality; on his magnificent horse he looked magnificent. And all the world saw him. In the West of America, as well as elsewhere, men still ride good horses, for work and not for show—ride them skilfully, pridefully—but the grand tradition of the Man on Horseback belongs only to the past. It is a very old tradition. The proudest words in the languages of Western civilization attest to its antiquity: cavalier, chevallier, caballero, which all mean, like the Latin *eques*, or knight, simply *horseman*. The Man on Horseback came it proud over all others, his opposite being the peon, the mere footman, until machinery unseated him. Just as twilight was falling on the centuries-long cavalcade of the Men on Horseback, Buffalo Bill advanced, the last figure in the procession, flooded it with stage lights, played the bands, shot the fireworks, and gave the world a splendid farewell look. The year that Buffalo Bill died, aviators in the American Army wore spurs as well as bars and eagles to indicate their commissioned rank. The spurs were already as obsolete as a nosebag would be now on a flying carrier of the atomic bomb.

But the past is secure, and there in it sits Buffalo Bill on his white horse of beautiful vitality. He sits proud, conqueror of time and freer of men from mundane pedestrianism. With the grace that bows the neck of his steed he lifts his gray plainsman's hat on high, and the people freed for the hour cheer higher yet—the Man on Horseback. J. FRANK DOBIE.

It's Known as Giving Out

ESQUIRE'S 1946 JAZZ BOOK. Edited by Paul Eduard Miller. New York: Barnes. 1946. 201 *pp.* $2.

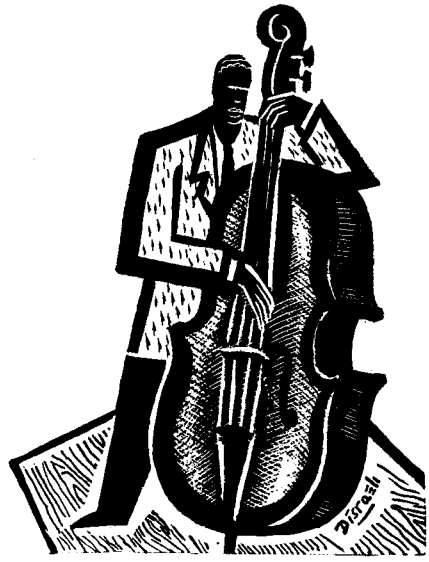
DUKE ELLINGTON. By Barry Ulanov. New York: Creative Age Press. 1946. 276 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HEYWOOD HALE BROUN

"ESQUIRE's 1946 Jazz Book," like its predecessors of 1944 and '45, is a mixture of long-term jazz history, annual review, polls, punditry, and pictures. This year the history section concerns itself with Chicago, one of the first and most important stopping places on the great northward migration from New Orleans. Paul Eduard Miller and George Hoefer have traced the progress of Chicago jazz from the first fugitive chords of the new music pounded out on the piano by Tony Jackson and Jelly Roll Morton in 1910, through the flood of musical refugees who swarmed out of New Orleans when the Navy Department turned out the red lights of New Orleans, to the great days of the twenties when titans like Louis Armstrong, Joe Oliver, and a host of others were packing them in at the Sunset, the Dreamland, and other historic spots. Sadly they relate the prolonged losing struggle against the lure of dishes and the double feature, through the thirties. And glumly they conclude: "Chicago's contribution to jazz during the last five years has been negligible."

With the aid of old time jazzman Richard M. Jones, Mr. Miller has constructed a nostalgic map showing not only the old band-supporting saloons and theatres, but also such adjuncts as music shops, recording studios, and the offices of the Chicago *Defender*, the Negro newspaper whose files are to jazz fans what the Folger Library is to Shakespearians.

Largest part of the annual review is given over to the balloting for the All Star Band. While the giving of awards and the selection of instrumental champions provides a good guide to trends in the field, and helps to bring recognition to deserving musicians, the amount of space given to this feature seems excessive. Each of the twenty-one experts who were polled gives an extensive defense of his choices, a somewhat disconcerting series to read consecutively since there are so many intense superlatives about so many different practitioners on the same instruments. Then the results are recapped with a listing of who voted for each musician. Musicians are called upon to select the new stars of 1945.



The chapter on "Analysis of Art in Jazz" by Mr. Miller is a valiant try at setting some critical standards for this newly discovered art. Many have tried the same job. Quite a few have been more quarrelsome and narrow than Mr. Miller, but few have been more positive. He is on firm ground, however, in deploring the hysterical mysticism which claims that unless the musician makes up on the spot everything he plays, without recourse to rehearsal or sheet music, he is not playing jazz. Like all of us, he seems humanly inclined to overpraise his favorites and damn the others.

George Hoefer does a short chapter on new developments in record collecting, Leonard Feather gives a somewhat brighter picture of jazz performances in 1945 than does Mr. Miller, and Charles Edward Smith, with a mellowness suited to a seasoned veteran of the storms of jazz criticism, notes good-naturedly that agreement seems no nearer, looks to the future with hope, and puts in a good word for the good old days in a chapter on "Perspectives for Jazz."

The selection of photographs is lavish and, with the exception of a few press agent shots which slipped in, excellent. The biographies of the poll winners are useful for reference, as are Leonard Feather's list of 1945 jazz recordings and Paul Miller's calendar of events in 1945.

Mr. Miller's critical selection of records which he stamps as "the best" finds me in violent disagreement a great deal of the time, but, like the twenty-one experts who picked ten different trumpet players for the role of nation's best, we jazz fans thrive on disagreement.

Back in 1923, when jazz music to most New Yorkers meant barnyard imitations, trombone smears, and funny paper hats, Duke Ellington's band went to work without the aid of any of these devices. Ellington is still going strong today and has managed to keep a little bit ahead of the times all the way. In "Duke Ellington" Barry Ulanov tries "to present the career of Duke Ellington and the collective greatness of the Ellington orchestra." When Mr. Ulanov is do-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing just this, the book is a very satisfactory job both of reporting and of criticism. He is less successful as a portrayer of Ellington in his non-musical life. The early chapters on Ellington's boyhood are somewhat diffuse, and most of the anecdotal material does not have any particular bearing on Ellington's development either as a man or as a musician. The author's admiration for his subject leads him into a kind of adulatory style, not perhaps as extreme as Parson Weems, but of the same school. He avoids this trap in his discussions of the music, however, and does not allow his perfectly reasonable admiration for Ellington as composer and bandleader to blind him to the fact that, like every producer of a large volume of work, Ellington has a few debits in his artistic ledger.

The chapter titled "Drop Me Off in Harlem" begins the story of the band. This and the next few chapters give not only a good picture of the first days of the band but also of the peculiar atmosphere in which they performed—these semi-legendary night clubs of the twenties where the pleasant crackling of large bills and the spicy scent of amateur gin convinced the patrons that the golden age had arrived.

With gratifying amount of detail Mr. Ulanov follows the band through its continually more important bookings, discusses each of the important instrumentalists who joined it as it developed, and gives details on the early recording dates.

Among the best chapters in the book are those dealing with the band's first trip to Europe. This is first-rate reporting. The comments of the English press have been sifted to provide an excellent cross-section of British reaction; the adventures of the band are interestingly told, and the reaction of the British and later of the French public to the band both as musicians and as Negroes fully gone into.

It must be said to the author's credit that nowhere in this biography does he go in for the kind of patronizing approach to the Negro which shows up even in works which are billed as friendly. There is no reference to that old chestnut about the Negro's "instinctive" sense of rhythm and no "dusky minstrel man" material. Duke Ellington has always been opposed to Uncle Tom entertainment and he has not been betrayed by an Uncle Tom biographer.

Duke's music "Jump for Joy," produced on the Coast, and his long historical work on Negroes in America "Black, Brown, and Beige" are analyzed both as efforts to get away from the "lawdy, massa" school, and on the basis of strict musical merit.

In his concluding chapter, Mr. Ulanov succeeds in getting across Duke Ellington's artistic motivation with more clarity than in his earlier attempts. He concludes: "As the Negroes fight for equality, for recognition on every plane of human activity in America, Duke's music fights with them. To some this gives his work more sociological meaning than musical. . . . To others this music has social value without losing the musical. . . . However it is judged, this is the music of our time, the music of America, music which has crossed both the color line and the equally formidable barriers of traditional musical rules."

Despite its occasional faults, this book is of value because it affords a hearing to a musician whose influence on our culture has not been sufficiently recognized.

No. 39716066 Comes Home

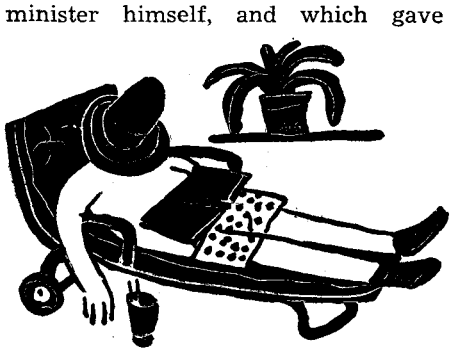
HOMECOMING. By Joseph Wechsberg. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 117 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

MR. WECHSBERG'S first book published in this country, a delightful collection of autobiographical sketches, won him a wide audience. Meanwhile he has become an American citizen, and "through the courtesy," as he puts it, of his new country's army has revisited Europe and his Penates.

His was not a singular experience. Tens of thousands of young men born and bred in what was to become Nazi-occupied territory as well as Germany proper did service with the United States Army in the field; and thousands of them thus returned to their home towns for shorter or longer visits. I have read scores of letters written by such soldiers on the spot, and talked to quite a few of them myself. I admit that as a rule their reports did not live up to my expectations. They seemed to be unable to strike a balance between what they had seen and how they had felt about it. Sooner or later they all were likely to slip away from their own impressions in their accounts, trying to draw an overall picture. Mr. Wechsberg does nothing of the kind. He is an accomplished writer.

He also must be an accomplished diplomat. His native town, Moravská-Ostrave, was in the Russian zone of occupation, and the Russians, as is known, are slightly averse to trespassers. Equipped with a special pass signed by the Czechoslovakian prime minister himself, and which gave Technical Sergeant Joseph Wechsberg, 39716066, the "right to travel everywhere in the country," the author had only some minor difficulties on his journey. His statement that he wanted to "find his people in Moravská-Ostrava" disarmed even the stern woman *Kapitan* in charge of the train. And so he reached "home"—the place he and his wife had left seven years before, a few months ahead of the German invasion.



Young Wechsberg had known, so the homecomer figured, about a thousand people in town. He met nine of them. The others had "dissolved in thin air." Gone, deported, executed, tortured to death, gassed—this was the information he got whenever he asked for his folk and his friends. His family home was no more, nor the synagogue in which he had worshipped as a child. "The first American soldier in Moravská-Ostrave" walked through a ghost town.

He met his wife's parents, though. As Gentiles—so it seems—they had survived the German nightmare. They tried to tell him about it. But the hardships of the present were so great, so great. . . . The shabby threadbareness to which their material lives had been degraded appeared to have changed the old people. Only gradually the story was pieced together—a silent roll-call of heroism, of hunger, fear, persecution, cruelty, and death.

The homecomer heard the story again from the man who was the representative of what was left of the Jewish community—seventy persons out of seven thousand. He was the one man who had outlived eight months in Mauthausen.

Being an admirer of his talent and self-discipline, I may be allowed to wonder whether his manifest dislike of sentimentality and his reserve do not sometimes overshoot the mark in this book. "It's better for you to know," his mother-in-law told him. It's better for us to know, too. Mr. Wechsberg's matter-of-factness, I submit, does not always do full justice to the tragedy of his revisited home and his own.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Men of Medicine Since 4000 B.C.

A HISTORY OF MEDICINE. By Douglas Guthrie, M.D., F.R.C.S. Ed., F.R.S.E. With an Introduction by Samuel C. Harvey, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Surgery, Yale University School of Medicine. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 448 pp. $6.

Reviewed by EDWARD H. HUME, M.D.

THE longer you can look back, the further you can look forward." With these words, uttered by Winston Churchill before the Royal College of Physicians in March 1944, Dr. Guthrie begins the preface to this great book, which covers a long stretch of time and thought, reaching from primitive medicine down to William Osler, from the "powder of sympathy" down to the discovery of penicillin. In his stirring account of some 6000 years of the fight for health, Dr. Guthrie has set before us more than a sequence of milestones, golden though many of them are. He has posed a question, many questions. What did primitive man think disease was? How did he deal with the problem of death? How was it that, when "the early Christian Church retarded the progress of medical science," the Arabs provided a great reservoir of medical knowledge?

From the begining of his book, Dr. Guthrie deals with concepts rather than with phenomena only. Thus, although it is fair to argue that prehistoric man in ancient times behaved much as primitive man does today, "one must bear in mind two possible errors in such an argument. Man's evolution is not always in an upward direction, consequently primitive man of modern times may represent a degenerate type. . . . Again, there must be very few primitive native-communities today which have not reacted for better or worse to the impact of modern civilization, and there is therefore a limited field for anthropological research."

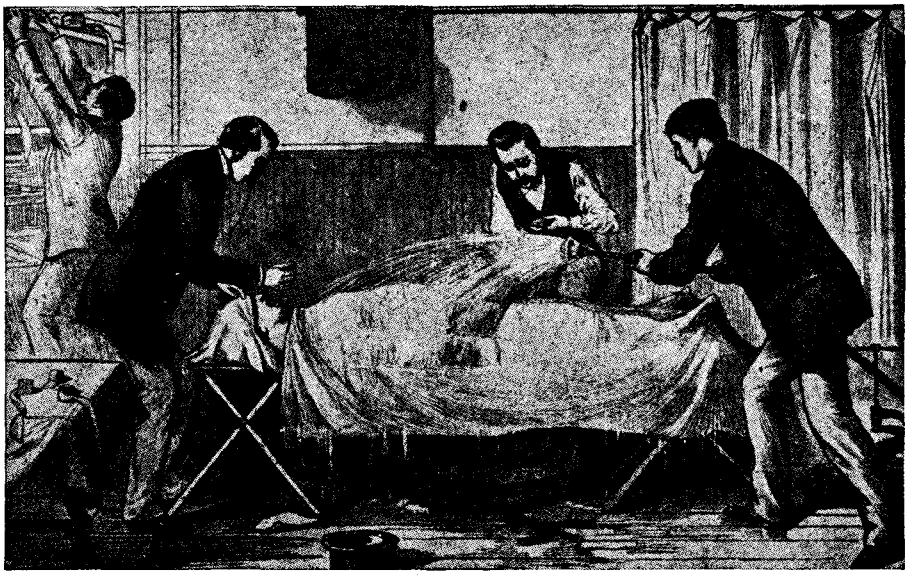
Dealing with the motives for trephining, so repeatedly found among primitive races, he accepts the reasonable theory "that trephining was originally performed in order to cast out a demon which had taken possession of the individual." Again, with utter reasonableness, he reminds us that folklore has been called "the archeology of the mind," and it is an important guide to man's intellectual history.

Dr. Guthrie, like the majority of our modern historians of medicine, is Greek-centered in his observations. Thus, when he points out that "medicine was at first in the hands of the priests, and that not until the days of Hippocrates did the healing art take its rightful place," he remains unaware of old Chinese medical history in which we read of Shên Nung, "the divine husbandman," centuries before Hippocrates, who, "when his people suffered from sickness, determined to search for remedies, particularly among the herbs of the soil. He tested their effects on himself and laid the foundations of China's pharmacopoeia." Nor do we need to look to Dioscorides (first century A.D.) for "the earliest reference to surgical anesthesia," for at least five centuries before Dioscorides, there lived in China one Pien Ch'iao, who "caused the two men to drink a drugged wine, which made them insensible, as if dead," permitting surgical operations. No one would detract an iota from the honor paid to Hippocrates by Dr. Guthrie, for we do well, even though we are surrounded by all the technical implements of scientific medicine, to go back in humble appreciation of "the high standard of ethical conduct, his insistence on prognosis, his accurate observation, and clarity in recording cases," which were such distinguishing marks of the physician of Cos.

As refreshing as anything in Dr. Guthrie's book is the shrewdness of many of his observations. Thus, speaking of the medicine of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, he wisely says: "More important than any discovery was the change of heart in the people, the appearance of a receptive and unbiased attitude towards innovations." Again, he gives due weight to the concept of health, as distinguished from disease, that marked the appearance of the first *original* English medical book, "The Breviarie of Health," published in 1547 (?1542) by Andrew Boorde, who "as one of the physicians to Henry VIII, had a good standing at court," and whose works included a "Dyetary of Health," a wise work that was concerned "not only with food and drink, but with the choice of a house, the best use of one's income, and such aspects of personal hygiene as clothing, exercise, and sleep."

There are some passages where Dr. Guthrie might well have added a word about the contributions of others than those who are recorded. Thus, delighted as we are with the reference to William Withering and digitalis, we do well to be reminded that digitalis, *mao ti huang*, was described in the herbals of China centuries before Withering lived. So, too, we do well to remember that when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wife of the British ambassador in Turkey, introduced "inoculation" (against smallpox) into England in 1717, it was from China that the principles and art of inoculation were brought overland to Turkey.

This good book is far more than a record of sequences in medicine. It is a story of science, of philosophy, of anthropology, and should be read by those who are concerned with any of those fields of thought. The last four pages, dealing with the life and contributions of William Osler (and of his colleague, William Welch), reveal how truly Dr. Guthrie is an artist as well as a physician, delineating the foibles as well as the supreme achievements, the skill as well as the charlatanry, of men of medicine through the ages.



—*New York Public Library Picture Collection.*

Curing a case of sunstroke in the Rutherford B. Hayes era.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Editor
Norman Cousins
Chairman, Editorial Board
Henry Seidel Canby
Managing Editor
John T. Winterich
Associate Editors
Amy Loveman
William Rose Benet
John Mason Brown
Harrison Smith
Contributing Editors
Bennett Cerf
Paul Henry Lang
Mary Gould Davis
Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc., Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President

Contents Copyrighted, 1946, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

WE'RE ON DIZZY'S SIDE

RIGHT off the bat, we've got our money on Dizzy Dean to win his fight with the English teachers who are trying to throw him off the air as a play-by-play baseball announcer.

In case this blistering struggle may have escaped you in the general profusion of minor matters such as atomic energy, the O. P. A., and the Big Four disagreement over Germany, we are glad to sketch in the general background.

Of course you remember Dizzy Dean. He was an Arkansas cotton-picker who came up to the Big Leagues some fifteen years ago to pitch for the St. Louis Cardinals, and a sweet pitcher he was, too. He had the strongest arm since Iron Man McGinnity and kept proving it by taking his turn on the mound almost every other day. He was supposed to be as fast as Walter Johnson and though he couldn't curve them or mix them up as did the great Matty, his assortment was better than most. The Cardinals waltzed into several National League pennants on the strength of his hurling.

Now the Ol' Diz had much more than just a fancy arm. He had the strongest, best lubricated, and most frequently used voice apparatus the national pastime has ever known. It was said that he developed his decibles down in Arkansas as a hog caller; and the loudspeaker system didn't exist that couldn't be out-thundered by the mighty Diz—with or without cupped hands. His disputes with umpires were not monologues—no umpire's dispute ever is—but from where they sat in the bleachers the customers could quite easily hear Diz's side of it.

But all studies of Diz as a human sound track would quickly reveal that his windpipe was less important than his glottis. The range, pitch, and volume were overshadowed by the actual formations of the sounds. It was what Diz said that really attracted attention. And no one ever accused him of burdening his auditors by changing his script. Diz was strictly a broken-record orator, and the consistent message he kept delivering to the world reflected his profound conviction that he was the best baseball player who ever lived.

And when there suddenly appeared on the scene another pitching Dean—brother Paul, just as audible, invariable, and insistent—the national pastime knew that lightning could strike it twice. But Diz enjoyed seniority whenever they were together and made all public announcements. "Me and Paul," he would allow as how at the beginning of every season, "me and Paul will win fifty games for the Cards this year."

And they usually did, even though

Diz sometimes had to win twice as many games as Paul in order to do it. Paul's throat muscles may have been as well developed as Dizzy's but right there the family baseball resemblance ceased. After a few years—as was inevitable—Paul was shipped back to the minors, corrugated vocal chords and glass arm and all. But Brother Diz kept on going in the big time, piling up the victories week after week and sometimes day after day—a popular figure with the fans, not in spite of his pneumatic-drill proclamations but because of them.

When you watched Diz, you could forgive him for anything. You were attracted by the graceful rhythm of his pitching motion; the long, majestic sweep of his arm as he prepared to let the ball fly; the poised, calm alertness after the pitch. That was what really counted, and you knew it when batter after batter swung ineptly at pitches they couldn't even see. And even when Diz's laryngorrhea became particularly bad, you charitably thought of the thirteen strikeouts the day before and felt very warm in your heart toward him indeed.

But—to paraphrase Mr. G. B. Shaw in last week's issue—some statistically certain accidents caught up with Dizzy Dean. He always did like to bat and run the bases, and once, in a world series game against Detroit, he got on base as a pinch hitter. Racing down to second base, he was felled by a swiftly relayed throw that caught him squarely in the back of his neck. He shook that long head of his, laughed or seemed as though he were trying to laugh it off, and went right on playing. Later, they discovered that Diz had been out cold on his feet but didn't want the customers to know he couldn't take it. A year or two later, in an all-star game, as we remember it, he seriously injured his right foot trying to slide in an attempted steal. Diz was just about through when that happened. He needed that foot to step into that long pitching motion of his. No longer

Song

By Genevieve Taggard

ILL is her life, level and mean,
Yet her ways are all serene.
Her spirit is primrose,
And all repose.
Too satin-sunny for a noisy joy,
Too lambent for cold-color shows,
Halcyon yellow amid the yelling of hoodlums.

So she could sit in hell,
Her skull and bones egg-shell,
Her small arms hanging down.
Such a limpid hopeless gold
In the corrupt cold
Of hell, the desolate evil still in the same ratio:
Halcyon yellow amid the yelling of hoodlums.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could he have the vital follow-through.

But Diz didn't want to say goodbye to baseball. His voice was unimpaired, which meant to him that practically half his baseball assets were intact. After a few short years out of the limelight, he put these assets to work by becoming the announcer for radio broadcasts of the St. Louis Cardinals and Browns ball games.

NEVER before in history have man and machine been so perfectly wedded to each other as Diz and his microphone. The fact that he could be heard even beyond the impressive range of his own voice seemed like a custom-made miracle. He became possessed of such power as he had never known when he had been laboring out there on the hill under a St. Louis tropical sun. Now he could cuss out umpires, call the turn on strategy, relieve himself of choice descriptions, and, in general, have the time of his life. Radio listeners, too, became inordinately fond of Diz; he sounded like a combination of Bob Burns, Red Barber, and the kid next door. They liked his language—some of it authentic American baseballese, but most of it just plain Dizzy Dean. "I wished the ump saddent done that," he said ruefully when he didn't agree with a called third strike. "That batta shooda walked on accounta he was right in waitin it out." Or: "The runner just slud inter third safely, but he was awmost throwed out, the lucky stiff.' Or: "Just look how calmly and confidentially the batter is standing up down there next to the plate." Or: "The side is out and the runners are left at their respectable bases."

And the listening customers loved it. They knew just what Dizzy meant when he said that the batter was a-sendin' a tall can o'corn out into center, or when the runner couldn't get his tail out of the way of a hit-and-run play. All the customers loved it, that is, except the English teachers. Last week it was learned that some of them had carried the case against Dizzy to the Federal Communications Commission. They protested that Mr. Dean was an unquenchable and bottomless source of some of the most egregious errors in grammar and syntax that were ever given wavelength frequency. They argued that their students were suffering from the bad influence of the broadcasts, and demanded that Mr. Dean's franchise or whatever it was that enabled him to be heard be discontinued.

So far, no word has come from the Federal Communications Commission. Dizzy knows about the episode but seems to be taking it in his stride. "Maybe I am butcherin' up the English language a little," he is quoted by the Associated Press as saying. "Well, all I gotta say is that when me and Paul and Pa was pickin' cotton in Arkansas, we didn't have no chance to go to school much. But I'm glad that kids are gettin' that chance today."

The editors of *The Saturday Review* take their stand with Dizzy. Anyone—young or old—who is interested enough in baseball to tune in on Dizzy's broadcasts has already heard just as bad or worse treatment of the American language from his general contact with the sport, either on the sandlot fields or on the sidelines. Abuse of English is the standard occupational disease of the national pastime—a disease which, if cured, would do irreparable damage to the patient. Not a small part of the vigor of the American language comes from our sports; and we are sure we can count on Henry Mencken to join with us in a holy crusade to put Dizzy back on the air should the Missouri teachers succeed in their efforts at grammatical decontamination of the baseball broadcasts.

Anyway, our private hunch is that the teachers won't get to first base. N. C.

Dyspeptic Note on Some Not So Young Writers

By Leonard Bacon

THE Puritan's haywire. You don't have to know
Very much of this country to see that it's so.
For now he is proving he's one of the folks
By pawing the women and cracking tough jokes.

He believes he's advancing the arts and the sciences
When he makes an illusion to bathroom appliances,
And swift as the hippo and light as the whale
He follows the course plotted once by Chick Sale.

Or simpering he comes and with glossy banality
Displays to us aspects of cheap sexuality,
Discoursing at large unto me and to you
In a manner to make the great Aretine spew.

When Rabelais bellowing steps on the gas,
Though he shatters your nerves, you can see he has class.
When Smollett strikes home in a sentence obscene,
His natural energy whitens it clean.

But that's not the way with Stymphalian birds
Who eternally parrot their four-letter words,
And think conversation is perfectly glorious
When they peck at old filth that once bored Fracastorius.

Do they think, as they wander in pipe-dreams erroneous,
That they look like Faublas or resemble Petronius?
Or fancy they've handed convention a jolt
And shaken the Temple of Art with revolt?

If that's what they think, I reply: Not at all.
They never had any such stuff on the ball.
And sensible persons outgrow the unclean
With reasonable luck at the age of fourteen.

It may be we must free the American soul
From repressions that take such a terrible toll.
But I think it is proper to make the confession
That I, for one, see quite a lot in repression.

No doubt a distinctly malodorous hypocrisy
Can be smelled here and there up and down this democracy.
To get rid of the odor would be very well,
If the remedy were not much worse than the smell.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Water into Gasoline

Sir: May I supply the information to which Mr. W. Otis Fitchett was doubtless referring when he wrote you (*SRL* June 15) about Mr. Henry F. Pringle's review of the Josephus Daniels memoir?

Mentioning the "Gasoline Mystery," Mr. Fitchett said, "About four years ago an enterprising reporter for the *New York World-Telegram* printed the whole story. This reporter located the now elderly Mr. Andrews in a small Pennsylvania town, but he still refused to divulge his secret. I have the clipping some place, but at the moment cannot locate it."

The enterprising reporter Mr. Fitchett apparently meant was James L. Kilgallen of International News Service. His story appeared May 26, 1942, in the *New York Journal-American* and other newspapers.

A few days before that, Drew Pearson's column had given some attention to an old (1936) report in proceedings of the *U. S. Naval Institute*, written by Captain E. W. Jessop, U.S.N., who conducted the official tests upon which the John Andrews "Water-Gasoline Mystery" was founded. Pearson quoted Jessop as saying, "Personally, I believe John Andrews has a very valuable secret." Pearson also stated, "The Navy in 1916 was so convinced that gas could be made out of water, it was willing to pay $2,000,000 for the process. But suddenly the inventor, a Portuguese, disappeared. The Navy could never find him since."

Gasoline was crucially short in May 1942, and it was a good story. Kilgallen determined to try to find Andrews. He had no great difficulty in doing so. Andrews was in McKeesport, Pa., a gray-haired man in his fifties, engaged in experiments in synthetic rubber and running a farm.

"Well, I hate to spoil a good story," Kilgallen began his account of his interview, "but John Andrews, inventor, tells me the U. S. Navy never offered him any $2,000,000 for his process of 'making gasoline out of water.' True, back in 1916, he gave a demonstration at the New York Navy Yard in Brooklyn of his alleged ability to do it. 'But,' said Andrews today, 'the Government wasn't interested. So I gave the whole thing up and turned to my other experiments'."

Kilgallen quoted Captain Jessop's official report on the test at Brooklyn Navy Yard:

"Andrews appeared at the Navy Yard driving a Packard car, accompanied by another man who stated he was a banker from McKeesport, Pa.

"The banker stated he had come all the way from Pittsburgh in the Packard, using nothing but Andrews's fuel, no gasoline having been purchased along the route.

"Andrews's request was that he be permitted to demonstrate on one of our own engines and that he could run an internal-combustion engine using water as fuel.

"It happened that we had one of our Navy-type motor boat engines already on the testing block, connected up for some tests we were to run.

"The officers present at the test next morning included Admiral Burd, industrial manager of the Yard; Lieut. Comdr. McDowell, officer in charge of the laboratory, and the writer.

"Andrews appeared promptly at nine, accompanied by his friend. The only paraphernalia he had with him was a cylindrical can large enough to hold about a gallon and a small satchel such as doctors use to carry instruments or medicines.

"We investigated the can and found it was empty; so we gave Andrews a bucket of water. He got into the rear seat of his automobile, an open car, with his can, his small satchel, and the bucket of water. In a short time he passed the can out to me and it was evidently full of something.

"Andrews took the can from my hands, stepped up on a small step, opened the valve in the bottom of his can to run into the feed tank.

"Admiral Burd here openly expressed what had been in all our minds.

"'Mr. Andrews, we are willing to admit that the water is gone from the bucket, and that we do not know what you did with it if you did not use it in your can, but we did not see you mix the fuel and even if you do successfully run the engine now we cannot certify that you really use water in the bulk of your fuel.'

"Here Andrews did a surprising thing, so surprising that it gave us a feeling for the first time that he really might have what he claimed.

"There, before our eyes, he poured from the bucket at least half a gallon of water into the fuel tank. He then took from his vest pocket a small phial and dropped six or seven drops of greenish liquid into the tank.

"This seemed to be the only rectification the fuel needed for the extra half gallon of water which he had poured in, for he got down off the step and said, 'Start the engine.'

"When the engine started it sputtered a bit and he adjusted the needle valve just a trifle, whereupon the engine settled down to its work, consumed every drop of fuel in the tank and developed 75 per cent of its rated horsepower."

Captain Jessop told of Andrews making a second demonstration.

"We sent a tug outside Sandy Hook to get real sea water," he wrote. "The next morning Andrews appeared as scheduled. This time, however, we did not permit him to get into the tonneau of his machine to mix the fuel, but instead told him we were going to put him into a small room which was entirely bare of furniture or equipment of any kind, and which had no drain where water could be disposed of.

"He made no objection to this arrangement. He mixed the fuel and passed the can out to me. Inspection failed to show of his having thrown any water on the floor, and the necessary amount was gone from the bucket which contained the water.

"In the laboratory the happenings of the previous day were repeated, including the pouring in of half a gallon, and the rectification of the added water by dropping a few drops of chemical from the four-ounce phial.

"This time the engine did not sputter but settled down and again developed 75 per cent of its rated horsepower."

Andrews told Kilgallen the man who accompanied him to the test was not a McKeesport banker, as stated by Jessop, but John Carney, late Pennsylvania newspaper man.

"After the tests at Brooklyn Navy Yard," Andrews told Kilgallen, "nothing happened. They didn't offer me a penny and I didn't ask a penny."

Kilgallen asked him, "Has the Government ever come after you about the process since?"

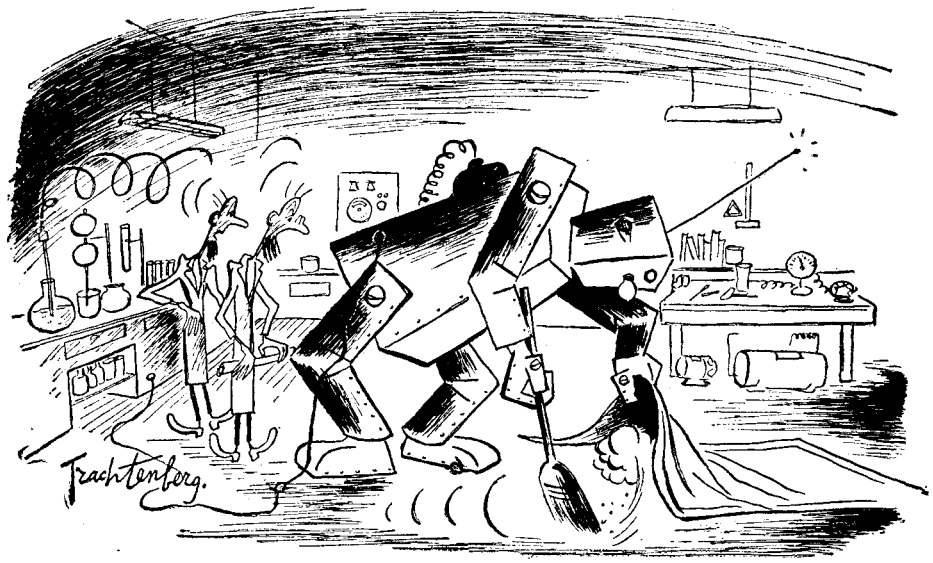
"No," said Andrews.

He said he thought he could get the process working again, if encouraged.

Andrews did not reveal details of his process to Kilgallen. Oddly enough, in 1942 the censorship code would have prevented publication of the details of the process and failure of the Government to utilize it. However (though Kilgallen did not say so), it was a matter of scientific record that working experimentally, men had used water, cracking it up electrolytically to obtain hydrogen, to run a car.

These facts were available to Mr. Daniels when he wrote of the "Gasoline Mystery" in his book.

CLARK KINNAIRD
King Features Syndicate,
New York, N. Y.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He Longed for Rarotonga

YOUNG MAN WITH A DREAM. By Kenneth Reddin. New York: Current Books, Inc. 1946. 240 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

THIS is an unclassifiable book full of oddities with rational explanations, but on the whole it recalls Chesterton's statement that the great Gaels of Ireland are the men that God made mad. To be sure, the titular young man with a dream can hardly be considered quite mad, yet he is certainly peculiar, and others always accept his own explanations for his strange actions with incredulity. Perhaps, in Shaw's phrase, he merely possesses the Irishman's heart that is nothing but his imagination.

The name of the hero, Jonathan Gulliver Sheils, had something to do with his longing for far-off places, but it was a book on the South Seas that concentrated his longing on the island of Rarotonga. To go there became the subject of his dreams and the object of his life. For him Rarotonga connoted not only romance and poetry—coral reefs, moonlit lagoons, and prolonged ecstasies with a dusky, perfumed maiden—but escape from the ordinary, commonplace life of domestic and economic responsibilities.

Translated into practical terms his dream necessitated money. However, earning the means of escape had no part in the plans of our personable young hero. Instead he regularly patronized the Irish Sweepstakes and patiently waited for an accident to endow his dream with reality. He waited at first on a bench in the park; later, with more sharply defined intentions, he waited on the busiest corner of Dublin, a place where traffic accidents often occurred and where some day a helpful bystander come to the rescue might conceivably merit a rich reward.

From his bench and his street corner Gulliver observed the odds and ends of Dublin, and his shabby but distinguished good looks drew him into a number of adventures. For example, his right to his second coign of vantage was disputed by a newsvendor who had a professional claim to it, but Gulliver armed himself with a little dog that could turn somersaults backward and thereby established his own professional status and consequent lien on the property. Most frequently his adventures involved a group of smart young rotters whose cheap superficiality made his South Sea island seem all the more inviting. Since these young rotters despised Ireland and aped the English, Gulliver took considerable pleasure in explaining why they were bastards and perverts. "Ireland is free," he said, "She wants to build the future. She wants loyalty. You Anglo-Irish won't give it." One young woman in this group implacably pursued him and he was repeatedly forced to choose between her and his dream. Perhaps his choice and the ironical end of the tale conceal symbolic meanings.

The novel must not be taken seriously, however. On the other hand one feels that it is not as light and witty as it should have been. Its entertainment quotient depends on dividing the mood of the reader by his capacity to enjoy an odd Irish mélange of realism and fanstasy.

Mr. Smith, and Not So Funny

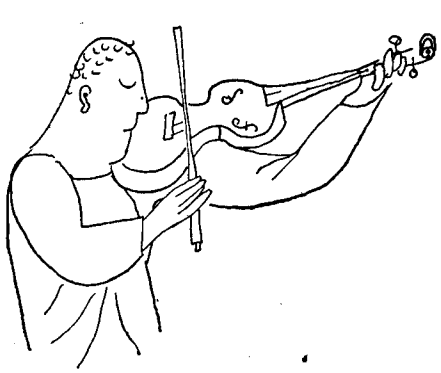
RHUBARB. By H. Allen Smith. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 301 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by MERLE MILLER

H. ALLEN SMITH is usually an extremely funny man; his "Low Man on a Totem Pole" and "Life in a Putty Knife Factory" were brilliant jobs of reporting; they concerned, as I recall, female bouncers at night clubs, practical jokers who bought park benches for the sole purpose of being accosted by New York's finest when they tried to take them home from Central Park, and other odd characters Mr. Smith met during and after his days as a writer of what in the trade are called "light features" for New York newspapers.

All this leads up to the fact that I was not particularly titillated by H. Allen Smith's new novel, "Rhubarb." The conclusion was reluctantly reached.

Mr. Smith has an amusing idea. He writes about a cat, a vicious, nasty-tempered cat with a passion for tennis balls, who inherits a fortune and a baseball team known as the New York Loons from an eccentric millionaire; he writes of baseball players, of bookies, of female wrestlers, and of elderly maidens who devote their lives to proving that cats are more intelligent and far more human than human beings. And there are, in "Rhubarb," incidents which should be hilarious; consider, for example, what might happen if thousands of radio listeners began taking advantage of double-



your-money back guarantees. Or of a judge of the surrogate court who spends all his spare time—and most of his time on the bench—translating the novels of Faith Baldwin into Greek.

But, somehow, it never quite comes off; somehow, "Rhubarb" seemed only quite dull, more than often unnecessarily vulgar, always straining for but never achieving deep chest laughs, seldom even reaching a mild chuckle. Again, however, let there be this warning "Rhubarb" may, indeed, become the most famous cat in America; Hollywood may go mad over the idea; there may be Rhubarb perfumes and Rhubarb hair tonic and Rhubarb imitators on the radio. This reader could be very wrong. He has been before—once.

Mr. Smith's "Desert Island Decameron" was an almost classic anthology of the best of American humor, most of it recent, some relatively ancient. It was almost as valuable as E. B. and Katharine White's somewhat more scholarly "The Sub-Treasury of American Humor."

True, in both anthologies there were individual pieces which left this particular reader unbelievably cold, but he was, as anyone must where humor is concerned, willing to grant occasional lapses in what is the most fragile kind of writing, that which strains for laughs. Actually, there is no universal definition of humor. A funny story is what makes you personally laugh; nothing else. Several million Americans must be amused by those high-incomed individuals who inhabit the ether waves every evening of the week. This listener is not—except on occasion, when Fred Allen proves that he is probably the only genuine comic now living and possibly excepting the rich and nowadays very rarely humorous Charles Chaplin.

But, then, this reader thinks almost every humorous writer in this country is employed by *The New Yorker,* which is not breaking any circulation records.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

●● In London, a recently published book was entitled "How to Save Money." An editor of *Punch* claims he made a good start by trying to borrow a copy.

●● In Whitney Darrow's office at Scribner's, a young lady started corresponding with a lad in the Navy, and the romance developed to the picture-exchanging stage. The sailor finally came to New York, and the girl was given the afternoon off. "How was it?" asked Whitney the next morning. The girl was not ecstatic. "I think," she said, "that pictures do people too much justice."

●● In Miami, a relative Joe E. Lewis always had detested passed away. "Is it true the old buzzard mentioned you in his will?" asked a reporter. "It certainly is," answered Joe proudly. "He called me a jerk in the third paragraph."

●● In Brooklyn, George "Anything Can Happen" Papashvily asked a policeman how to get to Ebbets Field. The cop, puzzled by the accent, asked "Where do you hail from, mister?" "Georgia," said Mr. P. proudly. "I thought so," announced the cop. "When are you Crackers gonna loin to speak English?"

●● In Paris, Albert Camus, young Frenchman who wrote "The Stranger," was interviewed by Max Lerner for *PM*. Lerner asked how such an extreme pessimist could enter so whole-souledly into an Underground Resistance movement and fight fascism so relentlessly. Camus answered, "I do not give the human race more than one chance in a thousand. But I should not be a man if I did not operate on that one chance."

●● In Toronto, reports *Magazine Digest*, a high-school student summarized a famous novel as "the story of an English lord who hates a girl in the beginning, finds out she's wonderful in the middle, and makes her his in the end."

●● In Hollywood, Clifford Odets wrote a script called "Deadline at Dawn." Several scenes called for a dilapidated old tenement as a background. Adrian Scott, the producer, found just what he wanted in downtown Los Angeles, made the required shots, and sent the owner of the tenement a generous check. When the troupe returned a fortnight later for additional scenes, they discovered that the owner had used his windfall to remodel the building.

●● In *Time* magazine, the Miscellany Department included an item about a lady named Lucille Swital who used a circulating library book to crack open the head of a would-be purse-snatcher. The title of the book—and my informant is Mrs. Swital herself—was "The Lady Means Business." . . . *Time* is also authority for the report that a Mrs. Hodel of Los Angeles, writer of children's books, drew ninety days in jail for neglecting her children.

●● In London, an argument arose over the authorship of the following lines (credited variously to Hilaire Belloc, Humbert Wolfe, and A. P. Herbert):

> You cannot hope to bribe or twist,
> Thank God! the British journalist.
> But seeing what the man will do
> Unbribed, there's no occasion to.

●● In New York, the future of newly-formed William Sloane Associates looked so rosy that members of several rival publishing houses subscribed for shares of the common stock.

●● In England, the price of Everyman's Library books, once fixed at two shillings, was upped to three and six—a hike of seventy-five per cent. Look for increased book prices here, too, if costs continue to mount. With no O.P.A. club over their heads, the book publishers of America have raised their prices less than almost any other industry in the country.

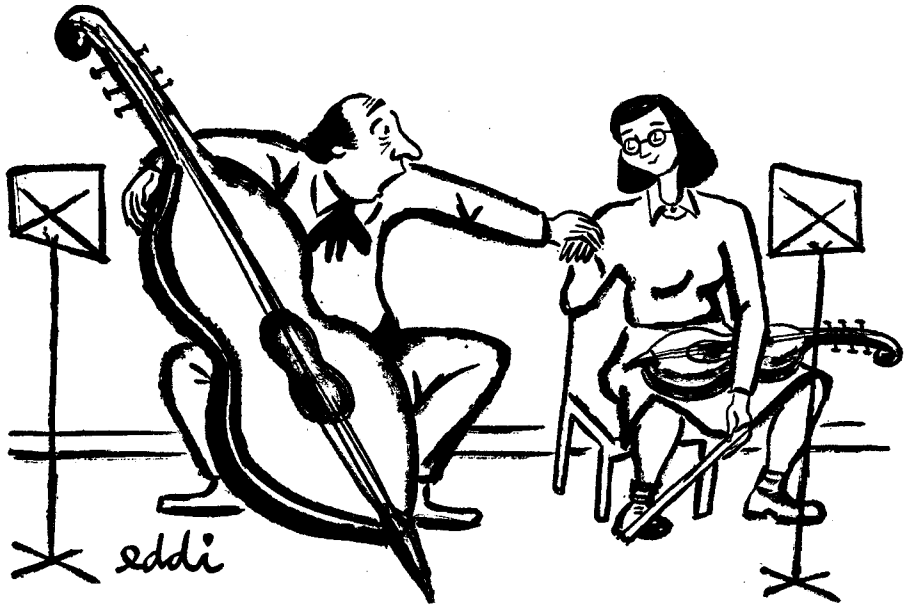
●● In Kent, Ohio, the Town Hall Players recently gave Sidney Howard's "The Late Christopher Bean," but the audience almost had to do without programs. Just as the programs were going to press, writes Myra Thompson, someone discovered that the play, in the largest type of course, was billed "The Late Christopher Morley." The change was made barely in time; the ink on the programs was still wet when the curtain went up.

ONE OF THE MOST beguiling books of the entire year will be Thomas W. Lamont's story of his boyhood in an up-state Methodist Parsonage, to be published by Harper's some time this fall. What the Lamont family lacked in worldly goods it made up ten-fold in intelligence and sympathetic understanding; Mr. Lamont's notable career is explained in the light of these experiences of his youth. . . . Particularly nostalgic to a native New Yorker is his recollection of the old Hudson River steamers that made the run from Manhattan to Poughkeepsie and Albany: the *Mary Powell*, the *Trojan*, the *Robert Fulton*, the *C. W. Morse*, the triple-stacker *Albany* itself. The night boats used to play their searchlights on the Palisades and Riverside Drive as they nosed up the river; I wonder why they stopped. In June, the boats were loaded with juvenile campers who stayed awake all night and kept everybody else from sleeping too. Does Mr. Lamont remember Sam Bernard's old comedy song, "Why Do They All Take the Night Boat to Albany—and Grab the Next Train for New York"? . . . A few years ago, Mr. Lamont, now a senior partner in J. P. Morgan and Co., dropped into the little church where he had worshipped as a boy and listened unnoticed while the preacher solicited funds to patch the leaking roof. "Oh, Lord, send us succor," was his plea. When the plate was passed, Mr. Lamont dropped a hundred-dollar bill into it. When the preacher saw it, he sighed happily, and announced, "The sucker has been provided." . . .

THE SHAKESPEARE QUARTERLY points out that within the compass of ten lines from "Macbeth" (Act V, Scene 5), at least fifteen modern authors have found titles for their books, stories, plays, and other writings. Here is the speech, with the words thus utilized in capitals:

> TOMORROW AND TOMOOROW and tomorrow,
> Creeps in THIS PETTY PACE from day to day,
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And ALL OUR YESTERDAYS have lighted fools

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"And then possibly in a few years a little string quartet of our own . . . "

The way to DUSTY DEATH. Out, out, BRIEF CANDLE!
Life's but a WALKING SHADOW, A POOR PLAYER
That struts and frets HIS HOUR upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
TOLD BY AN IDIOT, full of SOUND AND FURY,
Signifying nothing.

Here are the fifteen titles. (Alert readers may discover additional ones):

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow": A play by Philip Barry (1931)
"This Petty Pace": A Book of Cartoons by Mary Petty (1945)
"All Our Yesterdays": Stories by H. M. Tomlinson (1930)
"Dusty Death": A Novel of the 1930's by C. Robbins
"Brief Candle": A Novel by Norman Venner (1928)
"Brief Candle": A Play by Robert H. Powell (1934)
"Brief Candles": Short Stories by Aldous Huxley (1930)
"Brief Candles": Essays by Laurence Binyon (1936)
"Walking Shadows": Tales by Alfred Noyes (1918)
"Walking Shadows": An Essay on Silhouette Films by Eric W. White (1931)
"A Poor Player": A 19th-Century Stage Biography by Harold H. Child
"His Hour": A Novel by Elinor Glyn (1910)
"Told by An Idiot": A Novel of the 1920's by Rose Macauley
"Sound and Fury": An Informal History of Broadcasting by Francis Chase, Jr. (1942)
"The Sound and the Fury": Fiction by William Faulkner (1929). . . .

NEYSA McMEIN is back from London with news about Noel Coward and Beatrice Lillie. Coward is working on a new musical named "Time Remembered," something about the early days of British enterprise in the Far East, and besides writing the book, score, and lyrics, will probably play the male lead. Opposite him, he'd like to have Mary Martin, as, indeed, who wouldn't? . . . Beatrice Lillie is setting London on its ears in a revue called "Better Late," with some hilarious new sketches she will bring over here next year. There's a report that Lawrence Langner and Terry Helburn are trying to sign her—an obvious case of Guilding the Lillie. . . . Louis Sobol is authority for the story that Miss Lillie toyed with the notion of vacationing in Bermuda after "Better Late" ended its run. She contacted the owner of an estate there, and asked for particulars by mail. The owner answered: "My place is on a small island, so you will need my boatman to ferry you to Hamilton and back. The estate rents for $25,000, but with the boatman's services included, the price will be $30,000." Miss Lillie cabled "Kindly rush photograph of the boatman." . . . Louis Sobol, incidentally, has completed half of a book entitled "Some Days Were Happy!", a nostalgic story of his boyhood and cub reporter days in Waterbury. And Earl Wilson has found the perfect title for *his* new volume for Doubleday: "Pike's Peek or Bust." Both books, of course, are sure-fire. . . .

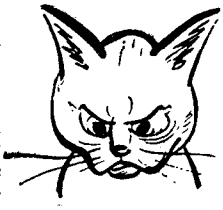
THE LATEST Dorothy Parkerism: At a dinner party, she was irked by the antics of one of those ladies of fifty who dress like a debutante, drooling over an embarrassed lieutenant-colonel. Vaguely aware of a threat of mayhem in the air, she giggled self-consciously and explained, "It's his uniform, my dear. I just love soldiers." "Yes," agreed Miss Parker tartly. "You have in every war."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

IN the face of H. ALLEN SMITH, there is something, in fact a good deal, of what there is in his writing. To begin with, his face is angular and acute, the nose sharp and sensitive and rather long; the hair short and unpretentious, but here again we find a sharpness in the widow's peak. The face is a little bizarre, even a little frightening, but chiefly it is alert. The bizarre, and I don't mean Harper's, seeps down into his clothes, and one finds in his ties a note of "if I have to wear the damned thing, I'm going to wear this one, and if it reminds you of misery in Perth Amboy, you asked for it."

Yet there is about the face of H-for humorist, Allen for Allen, Smith for everyone who reads what he writes, a sad, if fleeting smile, almost a tenderness for lost ones. This compassion shows through the brass of his humor, particularly in the titles of his books. Was he top man on the Totem Pole?—No, he was low man. Was he in a private office with open lines to McIntyre in Chicago?—No, he was in a Putty Knife Factory, than which there is nothing swumpier. Was he vacationing on a luxury cruise to some Wagnerian spot?—No, he was lost, and mind you *Lost in The Horse Latitudes*, where the breezes whinny. Then he wound up on a desert island.



But H. ALLEN SMITH is no mouse, in fact just the opposite. If you don't believe me take a look at **Rhubarb,** the giant, smoky yellow cat, who is murder on dogs and who inherits a ball club. It would be ridiculous for me to try and tell you what goes on in this book, I can't figure it out myself. But if I were to try, it might run something like this:—With a tail that jerks like a gadget in the Museum of Science and Industry, **Rhubarb** has hillbillied a former sports Arkansas, but I forgot to mention that just previous, the court break discovers the ability to clean and jerk 168 pounds in sly satire on the executor of middle-of-the-roaders with an outrageous ending that is star hitter for the Loons.

You try it.

* * *

Now, listen closely. On the theory that Crime does pay, the Crime Club gunman will case this space every second week in each month. During that week I'll be out to lynch.

paul

DOUBLEDAY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NETWORKS: CBS

COLUMBIA Broadcasting System, the second alphabetically of the four networks, enjoys the self-created role of Tiffany among the broadcasters. Under the firm thumb of William S. Paley, its proprietor since its organization in 1927, CBS has focussed its attention on program as a specific product rather than on network as an advertising medium or on radio as a social function. The results of this particular preoccupation have been both admirable and troublesome.

The hallmark of a Columbia program is likely to be majesty of motive, alliteration, and orchestral effects that lean to the shimmery. This is particularly true of conscious efforts to celebrate an event, such as hunger, a Presidential yearning, atomic energy, or even Thanksgiving. Literally and dramatically they are overwhelming, and, from the critic's point of view, mostly good. They are patently attempts to achieve what Dr. Frank Stanton, the president of the network, says should be the fourth of radio's objectives: "To develop the Art Form."

However, like a three-headed cow which looks wonderful without giving any more milk, this conscious illumination often makes the very messages they are commendably trying to bring to the public aloof and somewhat abstract. Like the rings in the real Tiffany's, it is good to know that they exist, but they're not very practical in Keokuk.

The above comment is not meant so much as criticism as a comparison with the other three networks and the several hundred independent stations, who see after the matter of earthiness very well.

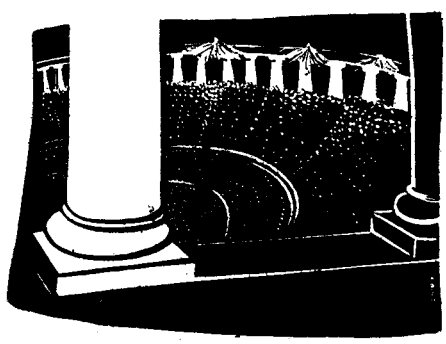
The accent on program has been the personal interest of Mr. Paley since 1927, when he was sales manager for his family cigar company in Philadelphia. Having a young man's curiosity, he indulged in a radio program to bolster La Palina cigars, the Paley product. Sales flourished, the muse smiled at Mr. Paley, and the next thing anybody knew it was 1928, and the cigar salesman was president and part owner of United Independent Broadcasters, Inc., which he merged, a year later, with the Columbia Phonograph Broadcasting Company to form the nucleus of CBS as it now stands.

For eighteen years he presided over the flourishing business, reaching his presidential tentacles into all phases of the operation, from sales to deciding how his music should sound, and if it didn't, why not. He has retired, since the war, becoming chairman of the board, and turning the presidency over to Dr. Stanton. The purpose of his retirement was to allow him more time to devote to programs, and the blueprint of the organization today has the program department, which is servile to the sales department elsewhere in radio, reporting directly to him.

Dr. Stanton is the only network president who was educated specifically for that post. This does not mean that when he arrived at Ohio Wesleyan University he told the dean of freshmen that he wanted one day to operate CBS. He did, however, concentrate his studies, all the way through his Ph.D., on the psychology of mass communications. With his doctorate still fresh from the engraver's, he went directly to work on the research staff of Columbia eleven years ago.

The benefit of having such a man in such a post is obvious. When he wants to find out what people like, he knows how to go about it. Having a deep and accurate academic as well as practical knowledge of how people react to spoken words, he has a healthy respect for the dangers of huckstering, and for the absolute necessity for free and uncensored speech in our sort of government, particularly when the speech comes into your living room gratis, oblivious of illiteracy, and with all the force of sound and music backing it up.

In his mind radio has four responsibilities to the people who listen to it—to inform them, to entertain them, to provide them with a platform for controversy concerning their well-being, and to develop the art form in radio. That last objective is, of course, anybody's guess, for the art in radio is the art of conversing with your neighbor. Its prime ingredients should be intelligence and respect. There is still considerable room in radio for both elements.



Directly responsible for making a program mosaic to Mr. Paley's taste is Davidson Taylor, Director of Programs, and a vice-president. Mr. Taylor is an old-timer with CBS, having served with the company since 1933, and for all that time he has been active in the program department. He has not been a newspaper man, nor a lawyer, nor an actor, nor a writer of books—simply a radio program man, which is a rare thing in the radio business, which draws so widely from so many fields.

Mr. Taylor has to juggle the various aspects of each program, and it requires preoccupation of the sort that wakes one at four A.M. for the purpose of wondering. As ringmaster of this vast circus, he must analyze the very strong intimations of men of broad, yet dissimilar, backgrounds, and reconcile them. He does not operate in the accepted program-manager fashion, drawing successful formulae from his past experiences, nor does he follow his hunches. He does not trust the facile labels which have been borrowed from the world of newspapers, publishing, theatre, and motion pictures to serve as yardsticks in radio. His attempts to isolate a poetics in this gargantuan medium which slops over into pulpiteering, pamphleteering, electioneering, puppeteering, merchandising, and entertainment, depending on which way one slightly tilts the bowl, have been a back-breaking chore, and if the results are not always satisfactory, it is simply because they are too good to be true. Tiffany's, again, trying to fit Iowa's third finger.

It follows that if a network has program as its core, the core of the core must be the script department. In this case it is called the Division of Program Writing.

Mostly, the writers who wed themselves to networks do not fare well. They have been so poorly paid, and held in such low esteem, that only the tyros could be attracted, which was tolerable, because the network script departments have generally been set up to plug gaps in the schedule, rather than to create a program framework about which the commercial programs could be suitably draped.

Four years ago, in order to guarantee that such would not be the case at CBS, in addition to raising the salaries of his writers, Mr. Paley got an editor for his editors. He braved

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

The Musical Hit
CAROUSEL
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with Harold Keel, Iva Withers, Jean Darling, Eric Mattson, Norma Howard, Jean Casto
MAJESTIC W. 44th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

The Musical Hit
OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2nd
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Jack Kilty • Owen Martin • Betty Jane Watson • Ruth Weston
St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A SMASH HIT."—Life Magazine
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd present
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HERBERT and DOROTHY FIELDS
with RAY MIDDLETON
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St., West of B'way
AIR-CONDITIONED. Matinees Wed. & Sat.

LELAND HAYWARD presents
1946 PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Ralph BELLAMY • Ruth HUSSEY
STATE OF THE UNION
A New Comedy
by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
with MYRON McCORMICK MINOR WATSON MARGALO GILLMORE
HUDSON, 44 St., E. of B'way. AIR-COND.

"GREAT STUFF!"—Kronenberger, PM
KERN AND HAMMERSTEIN'S
"Show Boat"
Music by JEROME KERN
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the novel by EDNA FERBER
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ZIEGFELD THEA. 54th St. & 6th Ave. Air-Cond.
Eves. 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30 Sharp

BROCK PEMBERTON presents PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
Bert Wheeler
in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by Antoinette Perry
th St. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40 sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

the old chestnut that a critic is a second-rate writer, and hired, for the new post of Director of Program Writing, Robert Landry, for eleven years previously the radio editor of *Variety*.

That bizarre weekly trade paper of the entertainment industry, for all its gaudy press-agentry, takes a very schoolmasterish tone in its departmental editorials, and has wailed consistently for the sins of the industry. None of its editors was more thoughtful than Mr. Landry about the shallowness in which the heir to all that was excellent in comment, essay, and drama seemed to enjoy wallowing. He took a stern typewriter to radio for shoddiness, laziness, ineptitude, and lack of taste and polish, and pointed his finger directly to the writers as the source of this overall inadequacy.

Neither a fiction writer, script writer, nor dramatist himself, he was a writer's writer, contributing articles to such journals as *Public Opinion Quarterly, The Reader's Digest, The Atlantic Monthly, The New Republic,* and *Esquire.* His major task at the network was not to develop the members of the department as script writers, but to develop them as writers—writers away from the keyboard as well as before it—and to indicate to them that they were cherished from above, for the professional regard with which he was held in the industry was high.

The results of placing a capable theorist instead of a graduated writer in charge of the script department has been discernible from several directions. His department has enjoyed a very slow turnover, which is an excellent sign that all goes well. And out of the loud speakers have come such series as "Report to the Nation," "The Man Behind the Gun," and "The Twenty-Second Letter." It is not suggested that Mr. Landry dreamed up those programs himself, but, what is more important, he cultivated his writers to the point where they could dream them up.

The shows you will hear over your CBS station in the near future are being arranged. The reshuffling that made Dr. Stanton president has been felt all the way through the organization, and the realigned program department has not yet been completely shaken down. However, every move has been in the consistent direction of strengthening the center shaft of this merry-go-round, which, at CBS, is the program department. To Mr. Paley's way of thinking, the real reason for having presidents and vice-presidents around is so that people like advertisers and the FCC won't bother the program people when they're programming.

We'll wait, and hope for the best.

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS.

16th WEEK!
SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
DANNY KAYE
At his funniest in
"The KID from BROOKLYN"
IN TECHNICOLOR
COOL! B'way at 45th ASTOR MIDNITE SHOW EVERY NITE
Open Daily 9:30 • First Show 10 A. M.
"Smoothly scintillating" —Barnes, Herald-Tribune

BARBARA STANWYCK
VAN HEFLIN, LIZABETH SCOTT
in HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION
"THE STRANGE LOVE OF MARTHA IVERS"
A Paramount Picture
IN PERSON
DINAH SHORE
GIL LAMB THE ACROMANIACS
EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION
DICK STABILE And His Orchestra
Times Square PARAMOUNT Midnight Feature Nightly

CARY GRANT ALEXIS SMITH
NIGHT and DAY
IN TECHNICOLOR!
MONTY WOOLLEY • GINNY SIMMS
JANE WYMAN • EVE ARDEN • CARLOS RAMIREZ
DONALD WOODS and MARY MARTIN
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ • Produced by ARTHUR SCHWARTZ • Dances created and staged by LeROY PRINZ
B'WAY at 51st AIR-CONDITIONED WARNERS' HOLLYWOOD
OPENS 10:30 A.M. • CONTINUOUS • LATE FILM 11:30 P.M.

"I Am Going To See It Again."
—EUGENE O'NEILL
The THEATRE GUILD presents
LAURENCE OLIVIER
in William Shakespeare's
"HENRY V"
IN TECHNICOLOR • Released Thru United Artists
PRICES: Evgs (at 8:30) $2.40, $1.80. Mats. daily (at 2:30) $1.80, $1.20
ALL SEATS RESERVED
NOW! N.Y. CITY CENTER 131 West 55th St.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCREEN

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

"A real hit . . . loud cheers for every moment!"—Cook, World-Telegram

Irene Dunne
Rex Harrison
Linda Darnell

"ANNA AND THE KING OF SIAM"

Directed by John Cromwell
Produced by Louis D. Lighton
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

ON THE GREAT STAGE

"BANDBOX REVUE"—Gay, smart spectacle produced by Russell Market, settings by Bruno Maine . . . with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Glee Club and Music Hall Symphony Orchestra directed by Charles Previn.

STAGE

"A smash hit of enormous proportions."—Ward Morehouse, Sun

MAX GORDON presents
Born Yesterday
A New Comedy by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed & Sat. 2:40 Air-Cond.

Who Gets Lisel?

WILDERNESS ADVENTURE. By *Elizabeth Page.* *New York: Rinehart & Co.* 1946. 309 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

STRIPPED to its essentials, this is the old faithful classic of pursuit and rescue. It has always been good and it is just as good as it ever was. We are in Virginia; the year is 1742; trouble is brewing, as ever, with the French, and the Indians are restless.

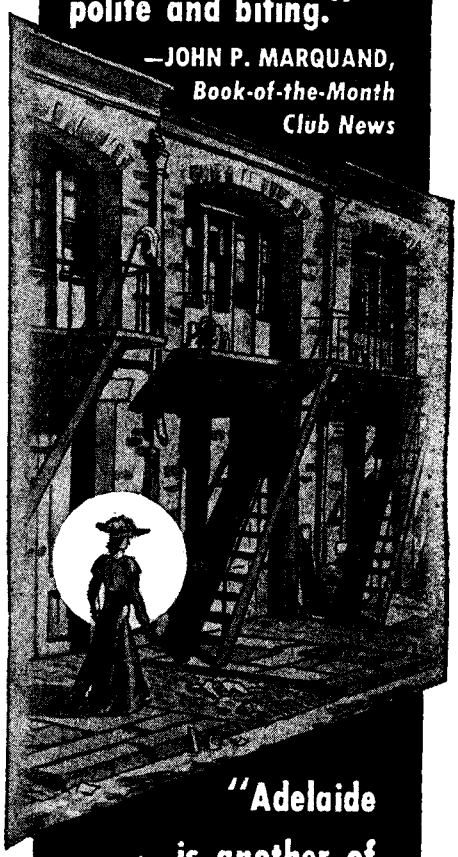
Then right at this point the key blow of the book is struck: the Indians wipe out a cabin of white settlers and make off with a girl hostage. Now the chase. The girl has two lovers. One, Red Sinclair, strikes out alone at once, on the trail of the Indians. The other, Josiah Howard, with his own father and the girl's father and a French-Canadian friend, make up an expedition and follow. And so the steeplechase is on, three trails lost, found, and criss-crossing, southward into the Carolinas, across to the Mississippi, and down to the Gulf.

There is a nice map for constant reference, with dots and dashes and arrows to help us follow the daily progress of the chase. Here they meet a friendly Indian tribe, with good news. Here they construct a boat and take to the Mississippi Here they are captured by the Indians, here by the French. Lisel is traded, taken to Paris.

Howard languishes in a dungeon. Sinclair escapes, to follow the trail to Europe. There is no lag up to the moment of delivery, with lovers united. Which one will Lisel have? This is the final twist of suspense.

About this core of action Miss Page has wound a good deal of local and historical data, for this is not, as we learn, entirely an invention. "Wilderness Adventure" is based upon actual records, borrowed from the archives of both France and America. Her feeling for the speech and fashions of the day is keen; she is willing to halt the chase, although it be for a moment, to detail a scene in the governor's chambers, or a dance in an Indian festival. The red brick of Williamsburg and the wilderness of the Mississippi valley are vivid settings for the adventure. The book is not a historical novel in any weighty or scholarly sense; it wears its history lightly, like a colorful cloak. The adventure's the thing, and will be relished by those who enjoy exactly that.

"Always entertaining . . . a fine novel . . . beautifully cultivated polite and biting."
—JOHN P. MARQUAND, Book-of-the-Month Club News



"Adelaide is another of Margery Sharp's immensely diverting creations."
—LEWIS GANNETT, Herald Tribune

BRITANNIA MEWS

By the author of Cluny Brown

570,000 in print

The July Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

At all bookstores $2.75

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It will influence everyone who thinks or reads."
—THURMAN ARNOLD

Two Worlds

by William B. Ziff

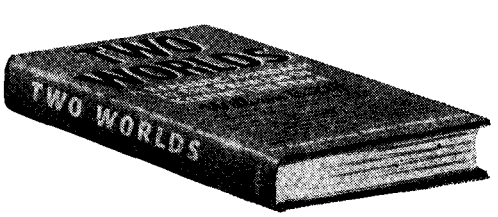
MR. ZIFF'S earlier book, THE COMING BATTLE OF GERMANY, was widely credited with influencing American war plans and was required reading in all of the War Colleges. His best selling THE GENTLEMEN TALK OF PEACE appeared in 1944. Informed observers have been commenting since on the uncanny accuracy of Mr. Ziff's predictions of world events.

In our judgment, TWO WORLDS is the most powerful and significant work yet to come from Mr. Ziff's pen.

TWO WORLDS has already had a profound impact on all shades of official Washington opinion. "A brilliant, highly readable volume which comes closer than anything written in this generation to providing a realistic estimate of the true world situation," says Senator James M. Tunnell. Writes Senator Homer Ferguson: "It is sure to exercise a profound influence over American judgments on foreign affairs."

> These are the questions which Mr. Ziff discusses with the bold, muscular realism characteristic of his work: **Can the United Nations succeed in maintaining the peace? Is collective security a delusion? How will wars be fought in the new atomic age? What is the situation of Great Britain, and what are the purposes her statesmen are attempting to achieve? Must we finally go to war with Russia, and what are the driving forces behind Russian actions? Is a world government possible or even desirable? What is going to happen to Asia? And what kind of American policy can make sense in the present world situation?**

Mr. Ziff recognizes that there are only two great powers left in the world, and that these are now rushing into headlong conflict with each other. He tells us that if such a war occurred it would be a long one despite atomic weapons. Even though we emerged victorious, it would leave us economically crippled, and with our social system drastically altered. The avoidance of this catastrophe is the prime world problem of today. TWO WORLDS brilliantly analyzes the true quality of the present emergency, and outlines with sharp clarity the choices before the American people. This is a challenging, thought-provoking book. In part its conclusions are deeply disturbing. It is a book with whose conclusions many will disagree, but which no one can afford to ignore.



$3.00 • *At all bookstores* • **HARPER**

"There is vivid drama in his presentation of the troubles that beset our world . . . forthright and hard-hitting . . . shrewd and pithy . . . eminently tough-minded."
—*Saturday Review of Literature*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Tale of Two Islands

MISS RANSKILL COMES HOME. By Barbara Bower. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1946. 247 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THE year before war came Miss Nona Ranskill, British spinster, thirtyish, was taking a sea voyage. She fell overboard. So far as anyone knew, she was drowned. Her sister had Miss Ranskill's will probated, and, as a fitting tribute, ordered a nice stained-glass memorial window made, depicting Miss Ranskill rising from the foam, with the appropriate inscription: "And the sea shall give up its dead."

As it happened, Miss Ranskill was far from dead. She had been washed up on a desert island, and there she had spent four years in the company of the island's sole other inhabitant, one Reid, a carpenter, like herself a castaway. Their relationship had been an extraordinary one, Reid, ex-boxer, then carpenter, and Miss Ranskill managed to keep alive in an environment which was almost primeval. They had no tools but one knife, no clothes except those they stood up in. They lived together in every way but the commonly accepted physical definition of the term. It was Platonism in the highest. Miss Ranskill remained Miss Ranskill—the carpenter never even addressed her by her given name. Theirs was a union of character and mind and common circumstance, though their upbringings had been widely different—she the sheltered daughter of a respectable upper middle-class English family, he an unlettered laborer.

During their four years together they talked of their memories, their hopes and plans for the day when they would be safe home in England. The carpenter told Miss Ranskill about his family—his devoted wife, his young son Colin. She in turn told him about her childhood, her quiet life, her family. "How glad they'll be to see us, Miss Ranskill," said the carpenter.

But only Miss Ranskill came back. The carpenter died, and she buried him, scrabbling a grave in the hard gravel and pebbles of the beach. And then she took the boat which for four years they had worked on and finally finished, and set out to sea. She was picked up by a convoy after days of drifting, nearly dead.

This sets the stage for the real theme of Miss Bower's book. Her heroine comes home to an England at war, a war which she has been unaware of, and she finds it immensely inferior, in human virtues and values, to the desert island and her carpenter. She finds stupidity, hypocrisy, selfish interests. She discovers that the civilization which she and the carpenter had remembered so lovingly and hungrily is more alien to her than the hard, hand-to-mouth struggle for existence which she had known on her island. Even the language sounds foreign to her—the talk of ration coupons, the A.R.P., the W.A.A.F., the W.R.N.S.

There are two ways of looking at common people in war time. One is to see them, as for instance Marjorie Bowen does, for all their failing as pathetic and frequently heroic. Another way is to focus on them merely as "a little petty people, strangled by red tape, nagging along, intent on their own tiny quarrels, fretting over the fat ration, playing at war and pretending to be important in their A.R.P. uniforms and gardening dungarees." Miss Bower allows her heroine, struggling to adjust herself to her unfamiliar surroundings, vaguely to contemplate both aspects. But the cards are stacked. Miss Bower describes with merciless irony the former friends and relatives of Miss Ranskill—her old schoolmate, engrossed in her own importance as an official in the Civilian Defense, a woman who has never grown up from being a model monitor in the sixth form at St. Catherine's. Her sister Edith is weak, vacillating, ineffectual. The carpenter's widow, whom she goes to see to take the news of his death, she finds not the devoted woman he had described to her, but a slattern whose only interest in her dead husband is his insurance.

Miss Bower's novel is a variation on the theme of human behavior. It is somber, satiric, often bitter, a mixture of realism and romanticism. The book approaches a modern morality play; it is an idea, an allegory in a way, in which fantasy is blended with fact for the purpose of the whole. It is fantastic, for instance, that Miss Ranskill could have been so ignorant of the war's imminence when she was cast away; highly fantastic that she could get into some of the situations she did on her return to England, or that she could have found the circumstances of being a civilian in wartime as incomprehensible as she did. And the desert island marriage of true minds is certainly not on the side of realism. But this is quibbling with the author's idea. What Miss Bower intended to do, she has done. Her book is a subtle, and an unsparing, criticism of our times, written with great skill, charm, and originality.

Am I a MURDERER ?

He didn't know the answer. His past was a blank. But Peter Duluth could not rid himself of the feeling that this was not his house, not his wife—and not his murder. For an evening of engrossing entertainment, read PATRICK QUENTIN'S new tale of amnesia and suspense:

PUZZLE FOR FIENDS

$2.00 • AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Ramona
2. Leora Tozer
3. Trilby
4. Nelly Gray
5. Lola Pratt
6. Dinah Morris
7. Arthur Pendennis
8. Fitzwilliam Darcy
9. Anna Christie
10. Cunegonde
11. Lucie Manette
12. Dorothy Manners
13. Nancy Lammeter
14. Hilda Lessways
15. Ralph Rackstraw
16. Katrina Van Tassel
17. James Steerforth
18. Hester Prynne
19. Amelia Sedley
20. Marguerite Gautier
21. Carmen
22. Edward Rochester
23. Philip Bosinney
24. Mattie Silver
25. Fanny Legrand
26. Ursula March
27. Scarlet O'Hara
28. Lorenzo
29. Sophia Western
30. Count Vrinski
31. Evangeline Bellefontaine
32. Guinevere
33. Ellen Netherby
34. Candida Morell
35. Juliet Capulet
36. Dinah Shadd
37. Yum-Yum
38. Madeline
39. Evelyn Orcham
40. Paul Scott
41. Annie Lee
42. Lorna Doone
43. Bruce Carlton
44. George Osborne
45. Frederic
46. Sophia Primrose
47. Cressida
48. Mary Morstan
49. Harriet Vane
50. John Shand

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This great novel is something entirely new in English, and yet immensely old, for you have to go back to Anglo-Saxon literature to find the courage, the individuality, and the rough, stubborn independence of which the story is made. . . Mr. Laxness' great book (and I use 'great' defiantly twice) is an epic story of contemporary Iceland. It is a story of our own time, with tourists and streamlined modern girls and hardened roads and struggles with the new economics and with the First World War in it. But this is only the show of things. The reality is in Bjartur, the crabbed, obstinate sheep-raiser, who has bought his own land at last, and is going to hold it against hell and high water. . . Laxness is a true novelist as well as a maker of a people's epic. . . I am trying to describe a book that is full of incidents that are humorous, earthy, adventurous and dramatic, written with great richness and wisdom, and with no regard for the conventions of everyday fiction. It is stuffed with characters equally unconventional, as rough and solid as the boulders below a melting glacier. And also a book that is truly epical, which means that it has a great theme, more timely today perhaps than ever before, a great theme of spiritual independence written without sentimentality."

—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*

INDEPENDENT PEOPLE

a novel by

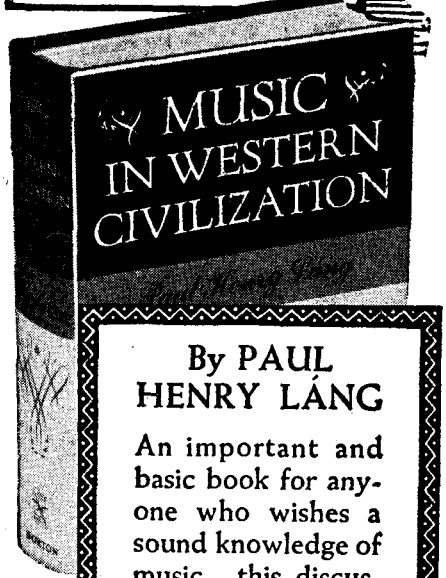
Halldór Laxness

The August Selection of
the Book-of-the-Month Club

A BORZOI BOOK
For sale at all bookshops at $3.00, published in New York by
ALFRED · A · KNOPF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Music Book for Summer Reading



By PAUL HENRY LÁNG

An important and basic book for anyone who wishes a sound knowledge of music... this discussion of music in its relation to historical development is "a tremendous achievement."—*N. Y. Times*

Illustrated

At all bookstores • $6.50

W.W. NORTON & CO.
70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11

"Books that Live"

IT'S EASY TO LEARN TO WRITE

The Magazine Institute, a private school owned, operated, and staffed by successful writers and editors, offers an *up-to-the-minute course in writing for magazines*, which makes it easy for beginners to get started in this rich field. You work in spare time at home. You may concentrate on either fiction or non-fiction. Send today for the FREE CATALOG describing the Magazine Institute method. No obligation.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC., Dept. 58-D
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center, N. Y. 20, N. Y.

Dance hall girl, to me you are
A harbinger from a world afar,
A world far off, far, far away
Where love will clasp the poor and gray;
Where love will nurse the young, the weak,
The lame, the ugly, busy, meek,
The bashful, pious (whom 'twon't defile
Since hugging then will be in style)!
Dance hall girl, how many men
With heart wounds have you healed again?
How many with self-pointed knife
Have you warmed to kiss with life?
How many men who . . . etc.

From one of several poems and some prose in Eli Greifer's column "The Poetry Doctor" in the current Bowery News magazine. 10 cents postpaid. Or with 11 future issues of this "Voice of Society's Basement"—$1.00.

REMEDYRHYME PUBLICATIONS
72 Fifth Avenue New York City 11, N. Y.

BUY U. S. BONDS and Hold Them!

The Old, Old Story

LOVE FROM LONDON. By Gilbert W. Gabriel. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1946. 314 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JAY ADAMS

IT was the day for such a book, a love story with as much sentimentality as sentiment. It was a hot July afternoon, and on a beach in Connecticut there was nothing else that could or should be done, except to read a novel that made no particularly stringent demands on the intellect. The first pages were difficult; the style was somewhat confusing, and Reginald Lightly, the pompous old British actor who was now a wartime constable, seemed a little unworldly and, at first, only silly.

But gradually the spell grew, and it was London, not the kind of London you remembered if you were there at the time, but London as you wished it had been in the war days, when the bombers were coming over occasionally, and later, when the man the British referred to, contemptuously, only as "he" began launching his V-1's and V-2's.

Actually there probably never have been three soldiers like Corporal Jose Kort, the half-Mexican, half-German youth from Texas, like Trygve Sorrensen, the hardly-to-be-taken-seriously truck driver from Minneapolis, nor, fortunately, like Master Sergeant John Howe Wells from Boston, Mass., from one of the earlier families and better colleges and a man who didn't like Jews much, although he hardly ever said so, except, of course, to his friends.

And, indeed, if ever there was a refugee from Gibraltar who even faintly resembled the incredibly lovely Dria Mendoza, this particular former soldier was never fortunate enough to meet her; nor did he ever find a restaurant in the London of 1945 where the food was so well-prepared or so edible as that at Hungarian House.

But, still and all, there was a charm in London, even then, war and all, now that you look back on it. Gilbert Gabriel has caught some of it—not enough, perhaps, but a sufficient amount to carry the reader through a rather improbable love story, involving Sergeant Wells and Dria at first, then later, too much later, Jose Kort and Dria.

In part, Mr. Gabriel has written pure melodrama; the scene, for example, where a buzz bomb removes what until then had seemed an insoluble conflict, and his soldiers do not, unfortunately, quite come off; their vernacular is what one might have expected of a man who spent an evening or so in a pub with an overeducated fool who happened to be a sergeant and a corporal or two who were illiterate dolts.

If "Love From London" has any merit, and it has, it is in its slightly musty and occasional Dickensish flavor, its gentle attempt to retell what is surely the most ancient plot in the world—and, strangely, make it interesting, make it so absorbing, in fact, that this reader kept at it until the sun over southern Connecticut had disappeared and, naturally, until it was quite clear that most of those characters who had survived would, of necessity, live ecstatically happy ever after.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Very nice, M. Debussy—but I prefer a tune I can whistle."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Semioticians Only

SIGNS, LANGUAGE, AND BEHAVIOR. By Charles W. Morris. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1946. 310 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by HUGH R. WALPOLE

THIS valuable book provides the most thorough and unbiased account of the field of semantics that has yet appeared. It is beautifully organized for reading and reference, and systematizes the copious but inchoate mass of work on semiotic that this century has produced. Professor Morris has his own slant, but shows a remarkably wide and sympathetic comprehension of others' conflicting theories and methods.

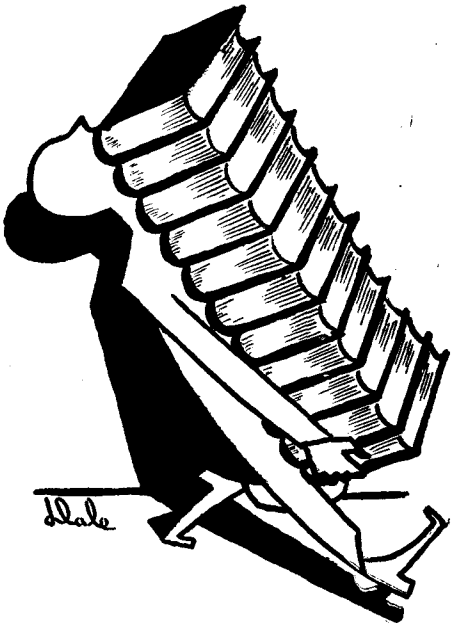
"Signs, Language, and Behavior" is by no means an evening's light entertainment on the magic of words. Dr. Morris founds his science on a strange new terminology. The glossary contains 103 terms, among which the monosyllables constitute a minority group. In an appendix the history of semiotic is traced, and there are critical discussions of Peirce, Hollingworth, Hunter, Russell, Ogden, Richards, and others. Here and elsewhere are several bites at "the Behavioral-Mentalistic Controversy," which appears to exercise the author a good deal.

As the title suggests, the three main areas of discussion are the nature of a sign, the different functions of utterances, and the orientation of semiotic in the modern world. The writer is convinced that "a science of signs can be most profitably developed on a biological basis and specifically within the framework of the science of behavior." Among other conditions, a sign has to be a preparatory-stimulus (the denotatum itself would be the stimulus) which causes in an organism a "disposition to respond." The author works hard to forestall objections, but still refrains from calling his description a definition, and he leaves undecided the question of whether there are other signs that do not meet these conditions. This seems to be an anchor to windward in case the behavioral approach has to be modified.

The different types of discourse are ingeniously classified with reference to "modes" and "uses," applied respectively to signs and to the purposes of utterances. Four modes and four uses give us sixteen major types of discourse. Probably this classification does all that a large-scale scheme can be expected to do. We still have to reflect when we determine whether a piece of verse is a genuine lyric or a song in praise of somebody's dentifrice. Language (or semiosis) tangles its subjective and objective elements as intimately as life does. The "objective" semantic count now being run by linguistic pedagogues depends primarily on the classifications (subjective) of a dictionary, and ultimately on the decisions (subjective) of the workers counting the semantic items. It seems hard for us to use our human faculties without being mentalistic.

The last chapters urge the central importance of semiotic, which discipline would obviously strengthen many studies, especially linguistics, literary criticism, and pedagogics. But it is difficult to see how the complexities of language, slipping hither and yon among tones and uses and modes and levels, can ever be reflected by the kind of machinery set up here. It needs a logic different from that of formal logic. Logicians turned semioticians will cite a sentence like "quadruplicity drinks procrastination" as an example of the sort of thing you cannot say, because it does not signify. But in the world of everyday symbols quadruplicity is always drinking procrastination. Only metaphorically? But we cannot indicate or express anything without metaphors, which Dr. Morris regards as somethink freakish, or at any rate incidental.

Professor Morris's book deserves careful study. It raises new problems, and restates the old ones. It will be no fault of the author's if his distinctions become popularly blurred, and his terms distorted and misapplied like those of his predecessors. It is the fate semioticians were born for.



Horizon

OUTSTANDING REVIEW ON LITERATURE AND ART

Edited by

Cyril Connolly

Brilliant Critic

Don't Miss a Single Issue

Subscribe Today

Subscriptions Limited in Number

C

BRITISH PUBLICATIONS, INC.
150 E. 35th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Enclosed is my check or money order, amount $6.50 for one year's subscription to HORIZON.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City and Zone No.....

State..... ☐ Check if you wish this to be gift subscription

BUY U. S. BONDS AND HOLD THEM

COMING SEPTEMBER 15th

A MUCH NEEDED CHILDREN'S CATALOG

THE JUNIOR REVIEWERS'

Catalog of the Best BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

The new edition of a *proven* catalog—used by libraries, schools and parents. Contains 800 of the most enjoyable and worthwhile children's books of the last 20 years (compiled from records of schools and libraries all over the United States). New 1946 Fall titles included.

Titles grouped by ages . . . arranged alphabetically by author . . . annotated . . . special sections for classics, and books on nature, science, music, sports, etc.

STORES—Use it as your Xmas catalog.
Special quantity discounts. (Cover and order page may be stamped or imprinted.)

Buy NOW at pre-publication price—35¢ each. (50¢ after Sept. 15).

***Junior* REVIEWERS**
Jean Poindexter Colby, *Editor*
Newton Centre 59, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With John Paul Jones at Tarawa

BATTLE STATIONS! Your Navy in Action. New York: William H. Wise, Inc. 1946. 402 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by RONALD SCHILLER

WHEN I was a boy I spent tedious hours in the dentist's waiting room, while waiting to have my brace tightened, in turning the pages of a fascinating book called "The Pictorial History of the World War, 1914-1918." There was also a much older picture book on the dentist's table, its cover tattered and worn, half its pages missing, called "With Dewey at Manila." Perhaps the dentist's predecessor provided for his patients' education a generation earlier with a picture book about the Civil War. I don't know. The point is that every generation has its war, and every war has its picture books. "Battle Stations! Your Navy in Action" is a pictorial history of the latest conflict in the familiar tradition. If my children, a decade hence, do not encounter the de luxe edition of this book in *their* dentist's office, it will be because another war will already have made it obsolete.

The book, to quote its own jacket blurb, is "a photographic epic of the naval operations of World War II told by the great admirals who sailed the fleet from Norfolk to Normandy and from the Golden Gate to the Inland Sea!" It is "illustrated with over 500 magnificent photographs, 27 in full color." The format is tasteless and old-fashioned; none of the pictures bleed off the page. There are large and disturbing blank spaces where the unknown authors ran out of text. The photographs, especially the color plates, are poorly printed. The chronology is haphazard. Scenes from the Pacific, the Atlantic, the Mediterranean, and the Arctic succeed each other in senseless lack of continuity.

Most glaring fault of all is the incredible number of typographical errors. In John Paul Jones's famous apostrophe to naval officers he is made to say that if they follow his advice they may "never" (instead of "ever") be sure of victory. On the page opposite, Admiral King talks about the "War of 1912" against the British. Scarcely a page in the book has been properly proofed.

The book is an "official" Navy history. It contains articles by Admirals King and Nimitz and General Vandegrift of the Marines. Each admiral or Marine Corps officer in command of a theatre of operations has written his own introduction to the section that deals with that campaign, thirty brass hats in all. The articles are singularly uninspired and the book adds up to a poor summation of the Navy's war. The Navy's own official history, "Battle Report," of which two volumes have already been published, is a far more lucid and authoritative account. Even its photographs are better.

Actually "Battle Stations!" is another gun, albeit a small calibrated one, in the Navy's terrific and apparently winning fight against unification with the Army and Air Corps.

Admiral King's introduction, a vigorous defense of the Navy's need for independence, ends with the hope "that every American will exert his effort and influence to see that that goal is achieved." Consequently, what emerges is a dramatic, glamorous depiction of the Navy's role with very little blood and no guts at all. Vessels are shown exploding picturesquely at great ranges, far from the sound and screams of battle. There is little in the book to frighten anyone, or to portray the idiot horror of the thing. Except for one picture of dead Marines on Tarawa, the few corpses in the book are all Jap and German.

It may be that the first harvest of war books, as of grapes, is congenitally poor. After all, it was not until fifteen years after the armistice that Lawrence Stallings's great pictorial history of the First World War appeared.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 163

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 163 will be found in the next issue.

KBGAN HGCCAX R

OBFEBORLPBF BM ORDGPDLD

LB JXDBAEX LSXPJ NXQJXXD

BM OBFDRFQGPFPLT.

UPQGXA NX OXJERFLXD

NBF WGPYBLX

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 162

If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter, the whole face of the world would have been changed.

BLAISE PASCAL
—Thoughts.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CASE OF THE BACKWARD MULE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Terence ("Owl") Clane steps off steamer from Orient into San Francisco murder maelstrom—with himself as primary subject.	Ample action, stimulating characters Chinese and American, sinuous plot, and solution hinging on unconsidered trifle which Clane doesn't miss.	Good
BLOOD RUNS COLD *L. Eby and T. C. Fleming* (Dutton: $2.)	Hollywood columnist returns from N. Y. and is pronto suspected of strangling her deadliest writing-rival. Reporter aids cops in solving riddle.	Choice collection of movie luminaries, refugees, and minor figures give story plenty of color and zest, although solution doesn't quite jell.	Atmospheric
THE HIDDEN PORTAL *Garnet Weston* (Crime Club: $2.)	R.A.F. pilot and veteran of Spanish Civil War runs into hair-raising conspiracies in North Africa.	Hero Nick Shepherd finds leave anything but leisure in galloping tale of intrigue and deep-dyed villany.	Has its moments
HONOLULU STORY *Leslie Ford* (Charles Scribner's Sons: $2.)	Mrs. Latham gets beyond her depth with Col. Primrose in a spy-murder mixup in lush Hawaii.	Family black sheep emerges as Japanese spy, makes appropriate gestures with knife, gets tossed down swimming pool drain as love conquers all.	Top stratum

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM (FitzGerald) Ralph Bellamy, Victor Chamber Orch. Music by H. Gerstle. Victor M 1055 (2) $2.75	Technically great improvement over prewar speech recording. Effortless listening. Occasionally music too loud for voice; mostly well balanced.	A	93 consecutive quatrains—yet it's a highly effective job. Bellamy's "plain" delivery will make for easier listening. Music subdued, fake-oriental; it definitely helps. Printed text.
THOMPSON, THE TESTAMENT OF FREEDOM. (Words of Thomas Jefferson). Harvard Glee Club, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky. Victor M 1054 (3) $3.75	Fine balance betw. orch. and male chorus. Large-hall effect; will sound best on big phonograph, played loud.	A—	At first hearing strictly conservative, familiar harmonies—but it grows tremendously. Probably best Amer. patriotic work to date. Will be widely sung by high school, college groups.
MOZART, HIS STORY AND HIS MUSIC. Jose Ferrer, narr. Vox Symph. Orch. et al. Vox 251 (3 10") $3.75	Acoustics somewhat dead for orchestral sections. "Fading" effects in music badly managed. Voice is good.	A—	Story is OK for children's eye view, but fading out of every Mozart excerpt in middle of a phrase is intolerable. It would have been easy to reach musical stopping points, using same technique.

"MODERN" MUSIC AGAIN

THE record industry is old enough now to show in its files what musicians know perfectly well—that this century's so-called "modern" music is no static quantity, but a changing body of music, much better described by the now widely used adjective contemporary. Music once recorded as "modern" is already moving toward the highly respectable designation of "classic."

There will always be, we hope, a modern music. There always has been. Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, for instance (the "music of the future!"). There have always been classics, too, but even the classics, the fixed stars in our musical heaven, have in truth an uneasy way of shifting about in contemporary estimate. In the light of a long history ours are surely arbitrary, nor as immovable as the music appreciation books would have you think. Moreover—and this the record mentors know—there are the classics we venerate (on proscenium arches) and the classics we listen to. Palestrina makes a regular appearance in print; his reputation is of the highest, but people don't buy his masses for Christmas gifts. A few decades ago (look at the record catalogues) Mozart and Bach were scarcely more saleable than Palestrina. Today both are well into the good sales category.

It's harder somehow to accept this sort of change in the newer music, though it is surely more obvious there. We have a curious blind spot, no doubt left over from the twenties (and the tens), when music suffered the same violence as the larger world. Nevertheless the "modern" shockers of Stravinsky, Milhaud, Prokofieff, Copland, and the rest of the *enfants terribles* are being recorded and played increasingly and with less and less *eclat*. The newer works of these men are conservative in the main, and easier to listen to, whatever their merits may prove to be. It's astonishing, too, how some celebrated examples of the once "modern" music have turned deadly tame on us. Carpenter's "Skyscrapers" wouldn't scare a mouse now.

The truth is that there is an end to the mere physical shock of musical sound, a diminishing return. We needed musical violence, but that end was long since reached—say about 1930.

But ever since then contemporary music including the noisy brand has been forced (happily) to live on its own musical resources, and is doing well. You may be sure that new classics are incubating as plentifully as ever. And you'll be hearing them on records too.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

IMMEDIATE DELIVERY!

Leave it to DYNAMIC to offer you the NEW and UNUSUAL in quality radio-phonographs. The console-tone ELECTRO-MATIC *AUTOMATIC* Radio-Phonograph table model pictured above surpasses higher priced consoles in tone quality, performance and artistic design. Plays 12-10" or 10-12" records *AUTOMATICALLY*. FUTURAMIC design by ARTEK PASCOE of PERMANENT-BOND VENEERS. $102.95 F.O.B. New York. Mail orders promptly filled.

Send mail orders to
37 W. 57 St., N.Y. 19, N.Y.
Add 2% City Sales Tax in N.Y.C.

Dynamic
ELECTRONICS—NEW YORK, INC.
37 West 57th St.
2 Park Avenue
Broadway at 65th St.

RECORDS at RABSONS

SERGE PROKOFIEFF
Overture on Hebrew Themes. op. 34
DISC 4020 ..... $2.37*

FOLK SONGS by JOSH WHITE
A 358 ..... $2.75*

RICHARD DYER BENNET
Ballads A 461 ..... $3.68*

* PLUS 2% CITY SALES TAX IN N. Y. C. For mailing anywhere in the U. S., please add 60c for packing and mailing.
Write for catalog of Records, Appliances & Gifts.
YOU CAN ORDER ANY RECORD MADE FROM

RABSONS MAIL MART DEPT. 9
111 W. 52nd ST., NEW YORK 19

TO ORDER ANY BOOK OR PHONOGRAPH RECORD
USE THIS COUPON!
(Books sent postage free in U. S.)

Doubleday Book Shops,
Mail Order Dept., 83S
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
Send the fololwing. I enclose $.....
TITLES WANTED .....
.....
.....
.....
.....
Name .....
Address .....
City..... *State*.....
ZONE NO.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Phoenix Nest

DYSPEPTIC PHILISTINE

THOSE who seek for correspondence
Through *The Saturday Review*
Never recognize despondence,
If I do not misconstrue
Their demands, which seem excessive
To a dim and mundane view;
Their ideals are *most* impressive
For they ask their pen-pals to—

Be "sincere," and "liberal-minded,"
"Interesting," and "refined,"
Be the sort to flee in blind dread
One not "serious" in mind,
Be possessed of "stimulating"
And "creative" lines of chat,
Have a taste for radiating
"Thought" and "culture" and all that.
Be "congenial" and "discerning"
With a mind above the strife,
And especially be burning
For the "finer things in life."
I, whose soul is warped and bitter,
Lacking moral derring-do,
Sigh to find no-one unfitter
For the billets-chaste-but-doux
Of the corresponding critter
In *The Saturday Review*.

JOHN E. ASHENHURST.

* * *

Kenneth Porter of Vassar College, well-known as a poet, sends me the following:

What is the earliest *literary* reference to atomic bombs which you or any of your readers have encountered? I am not a devotee of scientific fiction so the reference I encountered in J. Leslie Mitchell's "Gay Hunter," London, 1934, pp. 134-135, may not be particularly early. This volume is a romance of the incredibly distant future into which an American archeologist (female) and two British Fascists (male and female) are projected through an "experiment with time." They find "civilization as we know it" entirely extinguished, humanity being represented by a sparse population of kindly, naked, wandering hunters, without vices, civilization, government, religion, machinery, etc., etc. The archeologist approves, the Fascist, naturally, not. It is in a way a bitterer version of his popular "Three Go Back," in which a sensational novelist (female) a militant pacifist, and an armaments manufacturer (males) are hurled into the Cro-Magnon past. In "Gay Hunter" the archeologist discovers a recording-machine from which she learns the history of the extinguished civilization of the Great Hierarchies, a super-fascist society finally destroyed by civil war and the consequent uprising of "submen." "Already most of the European Great Centers," the voice from the machine announces, "have been obliterated by atomic bombs. . . . Our chemists are still attempting, and so far unsuccessfully, to cope with the poisoning dust that comes from the atomic bombing. . . ."

J. Leslie Mitchell (1901-1935), a Scottish writer who entered journalism at the age of sixteen, served four years as a soldier in the Near East, and began a literary career with the publication of his first book in 1928. He published, during the remaining few years of his life, no less than eighteen volumes, sixteen of them during the last four years—novels, short stories, history, biography, criticism. His masterpiece was undoubtedly the trilogy of Scottish life, from about 1910 to Ramsay MacDonald's National Government, published separately over his pseudonym of Lewis Grassic as "Sunset Song," 1932, "Cloud Howe," 1933, and "Grey Granite," 1934, which has just appeared as a single volume in England under the title of "A Scot's Quair." The trilogy is out of print in the United States and badly needs reprinting.

* * *

TO SPAIN

The ruins stand a shell torn memory
To fling into the sullen fascist face,
And no destruction half as wantonly
As this can we forget or time erase.
Grow tall, O trees, where buried bodies lie
And send your challenge bursting in the spring,
The maggot eaten flesh must never die
While fascist hosts their bloody coffers bring.
And even if this winter last too long
There is a spring within its buried heart,
And even in the snow there will be song
To draw together men that grow apart.
So tear away the flesh, expose the pain—
There will be men who dare to rise again!

LILLIAN ELKIN.

* * *

Abe Rose submits:

Many recent tomes, so far from pure,
Should be labelled Lecherature.

* * *

Elizabeth H. Towner of Des Moines, Iowa, is now a bit dismayed that I printed her skit just as it stood:

I'm letting out despairing howls
To see the spelling of my "jowls"
Matched, willy-nilly (hist!), with "vowels."
Yes, vowels and jowels—and with what howels!
"Yours from a Sick Bed" was pure banter.
Cannot I joke some if I wanter?
Please just "reform it altogether"
And blame it on the torrid weather.

* * *

If the communications of Carl W. Smith of Cedarville, Ill., and of Robert Rothman of Detroit, Mich., had come in just a bit sooner I could have used them, but now, alas, the erysipelas chapter is definitely closed. The onset of it certainly surprised me.

* * *

BUDDING POET

Thigh-deep in summer: bluets, the sensuous clover, the gold-
Eyed daisies blowing in the glass-green leaves,—
He dreams
The bloom all gone, the fresh-pied hills
Bone-bare as blistered skulls;
No sweet "twirr-rr-eet"—no,
All birds flown,
The crying-to-him thickets all struck dumb,
And all the garden a myth where now the somnolent lawn-mower gleams.
Bluely his eyeballs roll
In the milky meadows of his soul
As, twisting corn-silken cowlick,
Slow he scrawls:

Alone!
God wept—and on the midnight hair
Of Nothing, forever, falls
This cold imponderable tear
Of stone. . . .

STARR NELSON.

* * *

From M. G. Holstein of New York comes the following:

As a companion piece to "Requiem" which you published in your issue of April 6, in memory of Eleanor Saltzman, I herewith send you a verse by William Allingham which I came across the other day:

No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone;
Corpse gazings, tears, black raiment, graveyard grimness;
Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness,
Yours still, you mine. Remember all the best
Of our past moments, and forget the rest,
And so to where I wait, come gently on.

* * *

—And thus I close, but not without quoting to you as something I like to turn upon my tongue what Dr. Johnson said of the poet Somervile:

If blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose; and familiar images in labored language have nothing to recommend them but absurd novelty, which, wanting the attractions of Nature, cannot please long. One excellence of the *Splendid Shilling* is that it is short. Disguise can gratify no longer than it deceives.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special, intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale, communications of a decorous nature; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence. Rates: 20c per word. Count 2 extra words for Box and Number. Rates for several insertions—52 times, 12c a word; 26 times, 14c a word; 13 times, 17c a word; 6 times, 19c a word. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

EASY MONEY . . . easy virtue . . . uneasy conscience! Read Arkady Leokum's PLEASE SEND ME, ABSOLUTELY FREE, the bitter-sweet novel that rattles the windows of America's dizziest, most hard-boiled business. $2.50 at all bookstores. HARPER.

YOUR PRECIOUS BOOKS can be safeguarded against damage and destruction caused by mildew and mold. Amazing new product MIL-DU-RID not only removes mildew stains from leather bookbindings but prevents new growth! Gets rid of that "musty" smell. Safe—will not harm leather. Economical—pint size (only 95¢) will protect a good-sized library. Easy to use—a single application protects your books for months. Send for free booklet: "What is Mildew? How to Prevent it on Bookbindings." Dept. S76, Interchemical Corporation, Fair Lawn, New Jersey. Ask for MIL-DU-RID at department, hardware or drug stores.

WOULD LIKE TO THANK persons who have answered my "ad" for correspondence—young man, intelligent, versatile, sense of humor, etc.—Up to date have received 116 letters. Am looking for secretary to take dictation and answer letters for me. Please have patience . . . and by the way, I'm still "open" for correspondence. In next ad will let you know whether my historical novel has been accepted by M.G.M. Oh well—my name is Danny. Box 590-Q.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 Street, New York 18, N. Y. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. Until September 2nd, we are offering to accredited writers, teachers and members of Equity, available Friday, Saturday, Sunday (three nights) Single room and bath—$12.00; Double room and bath—$17.50; Sitting-room, bedroom and bath—$23.50. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance of better shops and theatres.

"MERRIEBROOK" Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583. Adults only.

PERSONABLE YOUNG MAN, 20, leaving Harvard for one year, wants any interesting job, except mechanical. Preferably in East. Little experience but willing to learn! Can tutor, travel, type, etc. Box 557-Q.

MALE—broad interests, traveled, wants female correspondence. Box 558-Q.

WRITER'S OPPORTUNITY! Box 591-Q.

POETRY, music and art lovers, feminine, correspondence appreciated. Box 592-Q.

FOR SALE: 28 numbers Margaret Anderson's "The Little Review" April 1914—December 1918. Scribner's Henry James, 1922 complete set. Box 593-Q.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut, quiet, informal country life; good food, comfortable beds.

ENJOY OLD WORLD CHARM in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

FICTION, BOOKS, PLAYS, ARTICLES marketed. Free reading-Free criticism. Bertha Klausner, Literary Agency, 130 East 40 Street, N. Y. 16.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed, any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Personal—business assignments, representations, undertaken. Nation-wide. Officially Licensed and Bonded Service. Established 1922. Reasonable. All inquiries confidential. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

HELP FOUND a great magazine "both timely and timeless." Join the Committee of One Hundred. Box 903-P.

COMPANION BOOK for Family Bible, "History World War II" Armed Services Memorial Edition. $5.50 returnable. Box 532-Q.

HUDSON GUILD FARM, Netcong, New Jersey. Fifty miles from New York. Beautiful surroundings, informal, tasty food, reasonable. Box 200-Q.

WANTED—A WOMAN. My mail-order business has reached the point where I need help. I need a capable woman who wants to live in the country, and who is willing to work. Essential that she type, take dictation, assume clerical responsibilities. The girls in this village are not up to this kind of job. They all hanker to get to the city. I want a good city girl who hankers to get to the country. I don't want a young girl who will pop off into connubiality, neither do I want one so old that connubiality is a bitter dream of the past. Vrest Orton, prop., The Vermont Country Store, WESTON, Vermont.

WRITER, 34, newspaper, institutional publication, administrative experience, desires job liberal publication. Veteran. Can do satire, polemics, objective reporting. Box 594-Q.

EX-ARM-CHAIR SPY, GEOPOLITICIAN, researcher, librarian, writer wants job or jobs. Languages. Box 595-Q.

LOUISIANA COUPLE living in beautiful, old plantation home in Bayou country, desire Fall and Winter guests—modern conveniences, private baths. Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Munson, Glenwood Plantation House, Napoleonville, La.

LIFELIKE PENCIL PORTRAITS, unusual, mounted. $5.00. Without obligation send photo. Box 596-Q.

ALERT, well-bred young couple seek assignment together, preferably involving travel. Sound technical, business backgrounds. References. Interview arranged weekends Boston or New York. Box 553-Q.

SCARCE BOOKS. Box 224-Q.

FEMININE CORRESPONDENCE DESIRED. From this one you get answered kiddies. Box 586-Q.

DISABLED VET—former teacher, needs bedside occupation to augment pension. Box 519-Q.

LIKABLE LADY, lonely but lively, longs for letters from genial gentlemen. Box 597-Q.

AM ANXIOUS to establish little theater, dramatic school. What small town community will offer the opportunity? Location no obstacle to founder. Write Box 598-Q.

WILL YOU GAMBLE A DOLLAR on a man who's writing a play? He believes it's a good play, and one that will make money. But he needs $300 to eat and pay his rent until it's finished. If you'll gamble a dollar, and his play "hits," he'll pay you back "two for one." Will you take a chance? Leo Wharton, 370 Columbus Avenue, New York 24, N. Y.

WRITER WITH IMPENDING DEADLINE requires small working furnished apartment N. Y. vicinity beginning September 1 for several months. No parties. No children or animals. Tender regard for plants and/or antiques. Write Box 599-Q.

NEW WRITER wishes novels reviser, honest expert. Box 600-Q.

TEA TREAT: Pamper your palate with the full, rich flavor of fine DARJEELING. Delicious—hot or iced. Trial pound $1.55, postpaid: CARAVEL, 126 Maiden Lane, N. Y. C.

WHY NOT PUT YOUR SPARE TIME TO GOOD USE? Take subscription orders to SRL and ENCORE in your community and receive regular agent's commission. For full details write today: Dept H-3, The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

TEA ROOM RESTURANT located exclusive forty room hotel historical city in South. Year-round tourist business. Ideal for refined couple or others who know how to cater small receptions, teas, luncheons and dinners. Equipment, fabulous recipes, good will yours $5,000. Box 601-Q.

UNIVERSITY INSTRUCTOR (veteran), wife, 3½ year old youngster, desperately need apartment, moderate rent, N. Y. C. or vicinity beginning October 1. Responsible. Phone GRamercy 3-5748.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS printed on gummed label 500 for $1.00. Box 979-K.

WANT TO MAKE A GOOD TRADE? Got anything to buy, sell or swap? Send $1 for 8 months' subscription for YANKEE Magazine. Box SRL, Dublin, New Hampshire. "A Good Trade on Every Page."

PRESERVE AND RESTORE your Leather Bindings, with "LEATHER LUSTRE." Introductory offer, One Dollar. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address: "Leather Lustre," Greenbelt, Maryland.

ALL MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTIONS. Box 341-Q.

SHORE COTTAGE, Bayville, L. I. Bathing, boating and fishing. Rooms with electric plate or kitchen privileges. Sorry, Aunt Lizzie not cooking this summer.

ARTICULATE CITY SLICKER will exchange summings up of persons, places, things, with bright fillies versed in the arts and sciences. Box 602-Q.

TWO SECRETARIAL GRADUATES, play and radio script typing experience, hopefully starting business. Want steady or frequent clients. Manuscripts in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian, beautifully set up and typed understandingly. Adele Marr, 14 East Seventy-second Street, New York City.

LITTLE MAGAZINE wants to grow into a big one—in circulation, that is! We will still retain, however, our freshness, courage, and vigor in relating life as lived in the Southwest. Your subscription ($2.00) will make us happy—and you, too. Southwest Review, S. M. U., Dallas, Texas.

SEEK CORRESPONDENCE with mature man to leaven, perhaps add dash of spice to slightly Emily Dickinsonian existence. Box 603-Q.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIANS: have you a beach cottage to rent next winter to three ocean lovers? Box 567-Q.

EXPERIENCED BOOK LOCATOR wants list of desiderata. What do you lack? Box 185-M.

VETERANS DESERVE FIRST CHOICE, but can't anyone offer quiet, considerate authoress (college graduate), weary of months of futile searching, room or small furnished apartment, Manhattan (Columbia, Columbus Circle districts preferred) by early September? View from Morningside Drive especially prized, but will settle for anything that means peace and permanence. Excellent references. Box 604-Q.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES—complete, accurate, practical; authors, localities, hobbies, people, historiacl periods, philosophies, or anything. Expertly prepared, one dollar each, postpaid. Research Associates, Box 3216, San Francisco 19, California.

FOR SALE: St. Nicholas, Volumes 1-6 bound or unbound; also odd numbers. Box 540-Q.

FEMININE SAVANT famished for food—literary, musical, but mostly humane. Box 541-Q.

CIGARETTES—popular brands; minimum 3 cartons. Price $1.40 per carton, postpaid. Send check or money order. Ace Mail Order Co., East Orange 52, N. J.

VACATION at THE BLUE DOLPHIN, East Quogue, Long Island. Tranquil Tempo, Superb cuisine.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED: mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avenue, New York. MU 4-0087.

INDIVIDUAL FAMLY COATS-OF-ARMS exquisitely done by competent heraldic artist. Make excellent decoration for den or living room. $25.00, including research. Satisfaction guaranteed. John Macfie, Garden City, Michigan.

PARK BENCH BLEAK PROSPECT. Red Cross gal, Pacific returnee, and twin-sister, both working, desperate for small apartment, permanent or sublet, N. Y. C. Village, east, west, anywhere. Box 605-Q.

SICK OF WORKING FOR REACTIONARIES, editor, now putting out three weeklies; experienced New York, out-of-town papers; wants job with liberal group, will locate anywhere; available September 1. Box 606-Q.

DANCERS, (Volunteers) needed for group entertainment at veterans hospitals and other institutions, vicinity N. Y. C. Box 607-Q.

EXPERIENCED RESEARCHIST wants connection with author. Three languages. Former foreign correspondent. Box 608-Q.

BABY URGENTLY NEEDS APARTMENT East Orange, N. J. vicinity; mother librarian; father professor, veteran. Box 609-Q.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY to invest in successful publishing business. Qualifications: a knowledge of the advertising game, or a desire to learn it. A permanent career off the beaten path awaits successful applicant. Box 610-Q.

PERSONALIZED BOOKMARK, your name and favorite photograph sealed into plastic makes a beautiful everlasting treasure for all readers and booklovers . . . Send name, photo, and $1.00 to: Plastexion, 1949 Webster Avenue, N. Y. C.

JEWISH AGENCY in Portland, Oregon, desires experienced and intelligent secretary-stenographer. Work interesting, salary good. Box 616-Q.

YOUNG WOMAN, painter, loves all the arts, invites masculine correspondence. Box 617-Q.

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(Continued from page 33)

DESIRE PRODUCE A MOVIE? No experience necessary to become producer of a professional motion picture of your own. If you have an idea and are able to finance costs for a short or feature film, our studio experts will make it for you. Latest sound on film recording devices in best available studio in New York with your name on film as *producer. You can supervise and learn plenty.* Criterion Pictures Corporation, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

WOULD LIKE to contact laboratory technician for position in twenty bed privately owned hospital midwestern rural area. Excellent equipment, generous salary. Prospects for future unexcelled for one with humanitarian point of view. Box 611-Q.

YOUTHFUL G. I., interested in practically everything, would appreciate quantities of girlish correspondence. Box 612-Q.

PHOTO-JOURNALIST knowledge photographic process plus writing ability. Experienced features, layout, research, wants job where standards are high, work creative, remunerative. Box 613-Q.

DULL, YOUNG FELLOW seeks correspondence with brilliant lassie. Interests—poetry, music, liberal politics. Box 614-Q.

PART TIME WORK *with a chance to write and* paint, wanted by psychiatric social worker who also drives, does stenography, gardens and cooks. Box 615-Q.

WANTED: young woman of intelligence, sophistication, education, to work with writer (male) as investigator, research worker. Decent salary for time *involved. Hours likely to be irregular. Mid-Manhattan:* Box 619-Q.

YOUNG WOMAN, medical student, enjoying music and outdoors invites male correspondence. Box 618-Q.

WANTED: WRITER-LEGMAN. A man writing a book about show business and New York seeks a bright, industrious lad or lassie who can write funny and has a bigtown background. Must type, work irregular hours and get around like a reporter. Applicants submit experience and qualifications, together with couple-hundred word piece about some New York or theater subject. (You retain all rights.) Salary to start, $75. a week. Box 620-Q.

THE AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION has struck a new low in receipt of books, but the boys on our ships are reading more than ever. Our sailors find their only diversion and relaxation during long and often perilous voyages, in the books supplied by this Library, and *they are omnivorous readers. Look around for good* books you are through with, then write or phone Mrs. George Emlen Roosevelt, American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York City. (Phone BOwling Green 9-0220) and don't underrate our seamen's intelligence.

SUBSCRIBE FOR PERIODICALS simply by asking me for them; any number in one order. Pay after I bill you at publishers' lowest prices. Catalog SR, free. John Crehore, Walpole, N. H.

YOUNG COLLEGE MAN seeks correspondence serious young lady. Box 622-Q.

WANTED: manager—new N. Y. book club. Rare opportunity competent, experienced, ambitious executive. Kindly give full information—strictly confidential. Lawyer. Box 621-Q.

WHY DO YOU LOSE AT BRIDGE? S. J. Simon's new book, "Why You Lose at Bridge," is being hailed as one of the most helpful bridge books ever published—even for people who think they are money ahead, (but who probably aren't, and know it in their souls). Get it at your bookstore, or send $2 to Department S, Simon and Schuster, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York City. Add 4c sales tax if you live in New York City. Full refund if it doesn't help you.

MALE OF FEW INTERESTS and hobbies invites feminine correspondence. Box 623-Q.

EARNEST VETERAN student advanced degree Columbia Law School and wife urgently seek furnished or unfurnished 3 or 4 room apartment or house for year starting mid-September. To $125. Box 624-Q.

WYOMING—Ride *and fish this fall.* Write The Patons at Shell for details.

DARWINISM IN THE ENGLISH NOVEL: by L. J. Henkin, Ph.D., sparkling, scholarly treatment of what happens to scientific theory at hands of popular fiction writers. 303 pp. Limited edition. $3. Box 625-Q.

INTELLIGENT, EFFERVESCENT, young veteran, has manuscript on unusual, popular subject; seeks partner with capital to launch publishing business. Box 626-Q.

PERSONALS

SOUTH AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, college graduate, would like to exchange Spanish, French, Portuguese lessons for English conversation. N. Y. C. Box 627-Q.

VETERAN whose pet projects are collecting books that aren't best sellers, photography out of the snap-shot class, and music such as "The Lost Week-End," earnestly seeks correspondence along *above lines.* Box 628-Q.

ARE YOU A WIZARD with the skillet or would you like to achieve fame as a cook? Send for list of 350 cook books, all periods, all nationalities. Box 186-Q.

LIBERAL THINKING GENTLEMAN desires correspondence with Miss holding similar views. Box 629-Q.

READ the day-to-day reports of the Civil War in the "New York Times" of 1861-1865. Single issues, $3.00; 5 copies $12.50; 20 copies, $40.00, all different. Box 187-Q.

IF YOU HANKER for a book or magazine that eludes you, consult Box 181-Q.

CLASSIFIED

BOOKS FOR SALE

USED BOOKS—classics, moderns, Victorians, rarities, trivia, perennia, erotica, first editions, sets, reading copies. Send for our free catalogs. H. H. Evans, Bookseller, 3319 Sacramento Street, San Francisco 18, California.

BRITANNICA ENCYCLOPEDIA fine 1944 set $140. Britannica Encyclopedia leather, 11th edition $40. Americana Encyclopedia 1943 (list $210) $90. Literary Mart, 8 East 33 Street, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENT FOR 27 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, ghostwriting. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful services. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, 280 Madison at 40 Street, New York.

RAYMOND LEHRER, PLAY AGENT is now at 475 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Room 511. MU 3-1093. Reading, advice free.

COMPLETE AUTHOR'S SERVICE: manuscript appraisal, editing, marketing, criticism. Profitable guidance for beginners. New clients welcomed. *Authors' and Publishers' Service, 31 West 92 Street,* New York.

POEMS WANTED for Musical Setting. Send poem for immediate consideration. Five Star Music Masters, 313 Beacon Building, Boston, Mass.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Experienced work. Mrs. Margaret Peck Mascret, P. O. Box 203, Washington, Conn.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING; INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48 St., N. Y. C. PL 3-1364.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SERVICE—Manuscripts excellently typed. Intelligent personal attention. PAULINE RESNIKOFF, 137 East 35 Street, N. Y. C. LE 2-4770.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1175 Garner Ave., Schenectady 8, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED. Prompt, accurate, reasonable. Irene Herlocker, 251 Vine Street, Hammond, Indiana.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT services for all writers, available to members. Write for information. NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colorado.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM, EDITING, RE-WRITING. *Wide experience. Marie H. Doyle, 341 Madison* Avenue, New York 17, MU 6-7096.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Educational, literary, economic, historical investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

AUTHORS ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

CLASSIFIED

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY TYPED, Dorothy Lipps, 5117 Dorchester Avenue, Chicago 15, Illinois.

MAKE MONEY BY WRITING—Read Writers' Journal. On sale at leading newsstands, or send 10¢ for sample copy. 11 West 42 Street, N. Y. 18.

BOOKS

ALFRED F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C. First editions, fine prints, good books. Books by and about Walt Whitman.

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOG. Thousands of good books. Careful attention given to library orders. MIDWEST BOOK COMPANY, 608 West 60 Street, Chicago, Illinois.

OLD, RARE, RECENT, OUT-OF-PRINT. Large Stock on hand of fiction, literature, Americana, sets occult, biographies, etc. Quotations free. Catalogs issued. Inquiries solicited. PYETELL'S BOOK SHOP—Mount Vernon, N. Y.

FOR THE ASKING. Big free catalogue of savings in new and used books and magazines. KAY BOOKS, 1391 East 9th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

GEORG TRAKL, Die Dichtungen. Gesamtausgabe. Zürich, 1946. $3.75. Mary S. Rosenberg, Bookseller, Publisher & Importer. Now: 100 West 72 Street, New York 23, Dept. 22.

SCULPTURE

Sculpture by NICHOLAS MOCHARNIUK. Studio, 318 Canal, N.Y.C. By appointment.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books ONLY are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogues, 20¢. Books bought.

We PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

LIBRAIRIE LIPTON, The French Book Shop, 791 Lexington Avenue, New York 21. Formerly 4 Place de l'Odeon, Paris. Dealer in French books exclusively; all subjects bought and sold.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA's, 15 Ann Street. Oldest old book shop in New York.

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS. Whether last year's novels or rare first editions we'll locate them for you. Jay Thompson, 1 Hillside, Pelham 65, N. Y.

RARE, RECENT, AND OLD BOOKS. We can find them. Belwin Book Service, P. O. Box 41, Sunnyside, L. I., N. Y.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1899. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

LANGUAGES

LANGUAGE SERVICE CENTER, Div. of Schoenhof's Foreign Books, Inc., Harvard Sq., Cambridge 38, Mass. Established 1936. All record courses. Also books in all languages. Booklet SRL.

FRENCH phonetics, grammar, conversation, diction, by Parisienne (Sorbonne University). RE 7-4606. N. Y. C.

29 LANGUAGES by LINGUAPHONE. Russian, Spanish, French, German. Direct conversational method for mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Send for FREE book. Linguaphone Institute, 26 RCA Bldg., New York 20. CI 7-0830.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

MADE TO ORDER from your snapshot. Amazingly inexpensive. Free samples. Crafters, Box 128-C, Westport, Conn.

COLLECTORS. 1946 volume of private bookplates now ready for distribution. Membership, including volume, $2.00 annually. Bookplate Collectors Club, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 645

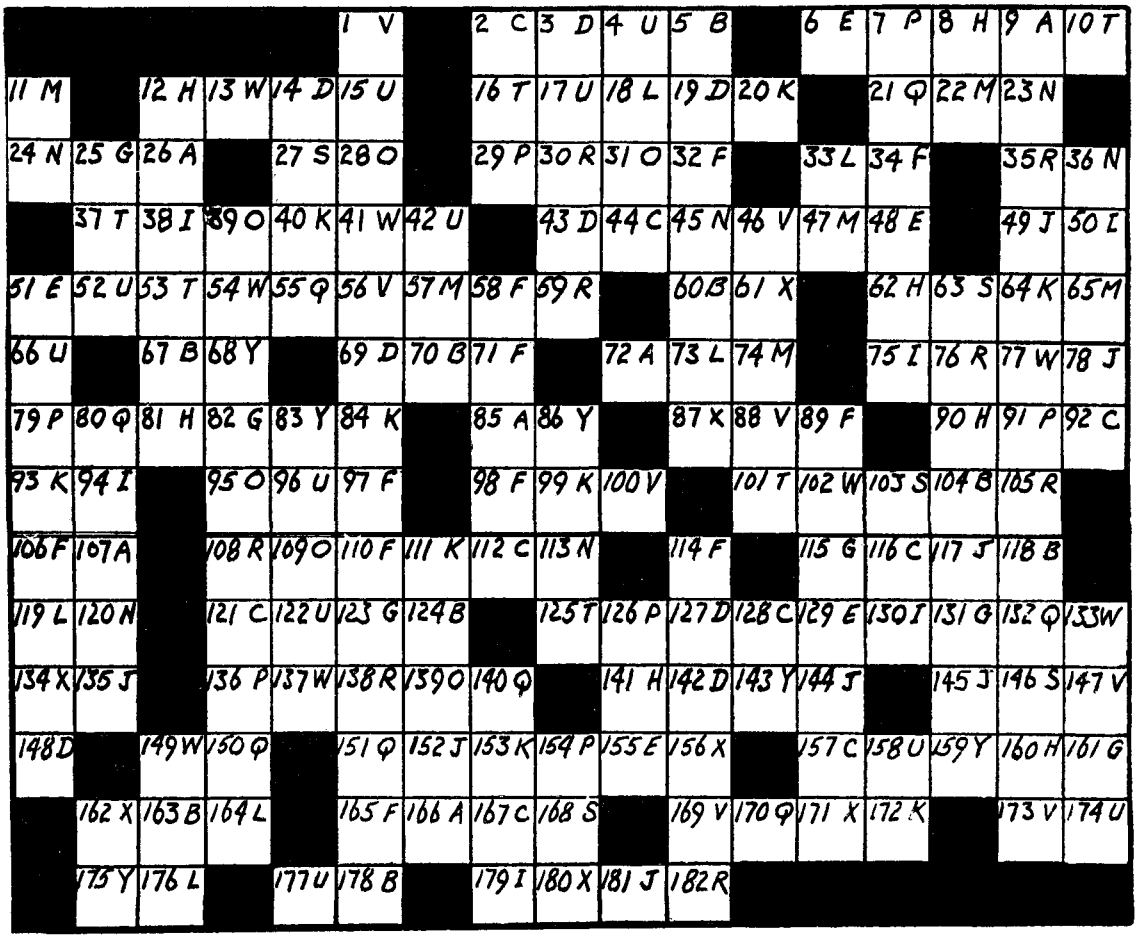
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Leader of a sect in Massachusetts, banished to R.I. (1592-1677).	9 85 26 72 107 166
B. English jurist whose treatise on English law (15th Cent.) was a text for centuries.	70 60 178 118 104 5 124 67 163
C. Consequences, esp. if disastrous.	44 157 121 92 128 112 116 167 2
D. English poet and novelist (1873-).	43 127 14 3 148 69 142 19
E. Barks or cries shrilly.	48 155 129 51 6
F. Platterlike in form (Bot. and Zool.)	34 110 165 98 89 71 58 114 106 32 97
G. Wisdom as personified by the Gnostics.	131 25 115 161 82 123
H. Severs; intercepts (2 wds.)	81 8 160 62 12 141 90
I. Tragedy by Shakespeare.	94 130 50 179 75 38
J. Well-known creation of Alice Hegan Rice (1901).	144 117 181 145 49 135 78 152
K. Carrageen, used in cooking and pharmacy (2 wds.)	40 20 64 153 99 172 111 84 93
L. Wolflike (Zool.)	18 73 119 176 33 164
M. English compiler of first important poetry anthology, issued in 1557.	57 22 11 65 74 47
N. A worker who removes bobbins by hand or machine.	23 36 120 24 113 45
O. Lake in volcanic crater near Naples, mentioned in the Aeneid (Modern sp.)	95 31 109 39 139 28
P. Glib (slightly derogatory).	126 7 29 154 136 91 79
Q Potential; at the first stage of development (3 wds.)	151 80 132 170 55 150 140 21
R. Sailor's receptacle for needles, thread, etc. (2 wds.)	105 138 35 182 59 108 30 76
S. Small agricultural community; now used chiefly in place names.	27 146 168 103 63
T. Large rope for towing, etc.	10 16 101 37 125 53
U. The sun (Poetic; 3 wds.)	174 15 66 158 17 122 42 177 4 52 96
V. Province in S. W. China.	46 173 100 1 56 88 147 169
W. As regards (3 wds.)	77 13 41 133 137 149 102 54
X. Things to be jotted down.	51 171 87 162 134 156 180
Y. To plait, crimp, or flute, as lace, etc.	175 143 86 68 83 159

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Companions of the Left Hand

BY GEORGE TABORI

THE editors of Houghton Mifflin Company find that they disagree with the reviewers of America about a little matter of 4%. A survey of the hopes and fears of the book world's future was recently conducted by the Book Manufacturers Institute and published in book form. Among other things the Book Institute found that only 4% of America's book-reading public bought or read books because they had read reviews which recommended them. America's book-reading-and-buying public is at the very smallest, a million people. Four per cent is 40,000, and though many of the reviewers commented sardonically on the extent of their influence, we feel that 40,000 is enough, and we are waiting for 40,000 book buyers to buy COMPANIONS OF THE LEFT HAND, for the reviewers of America have solidly agreed that this is a book worth reading. No one of them has found the same reasons for his conclusion. Every argument is different, but the verdict is unanimous.

Sterling North of the *New York Post* said, "on its deepest level it is a Socratic dialogue on first causes and ultimate goals—a dialogue dramatized by a life and death struggle between the debaters . . . a civilized novel; a novel packed with witty and wise dialogue, sharply drawn characters, significant episodes, scathing social protest . . . "

Orville Prescott of the *New York Times* said, "George Tabori can write with genuine feeling. His ability to communicate the atmosphere of the impoverished resort, the empty hotels, the suffering peasants, and the corrupt regime is impressive.

William Soskin of the *New York Herald Tribune* said, "It is also the work of a skilled novelist who makes his dialectic points in terms of genuine character.

The Saturday Review of Literature said, "A highly important book, written with passion and a point of view . . . "

Robert J. Bender of the *Chicago Sun* said, "Tabori's work becomes a kind of 20th century morality play in which he has stated the dominant themes of our time and worked them out in the tiny terms of small men's lives . . . "

At all bookstores $2.75 **HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED